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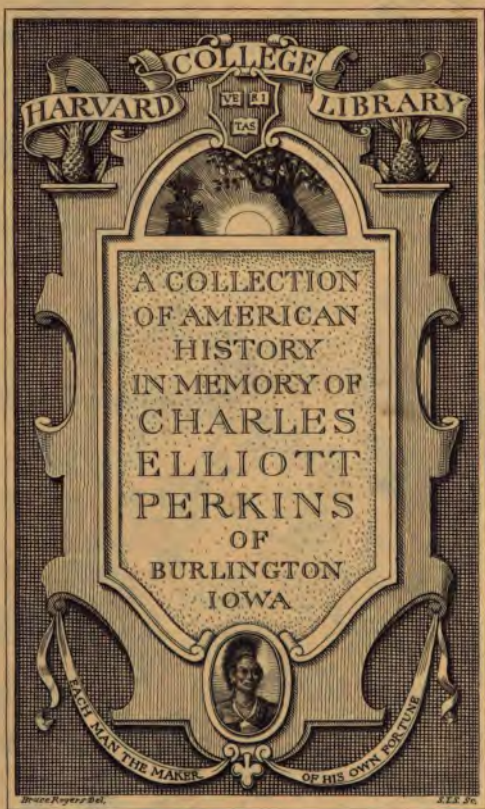
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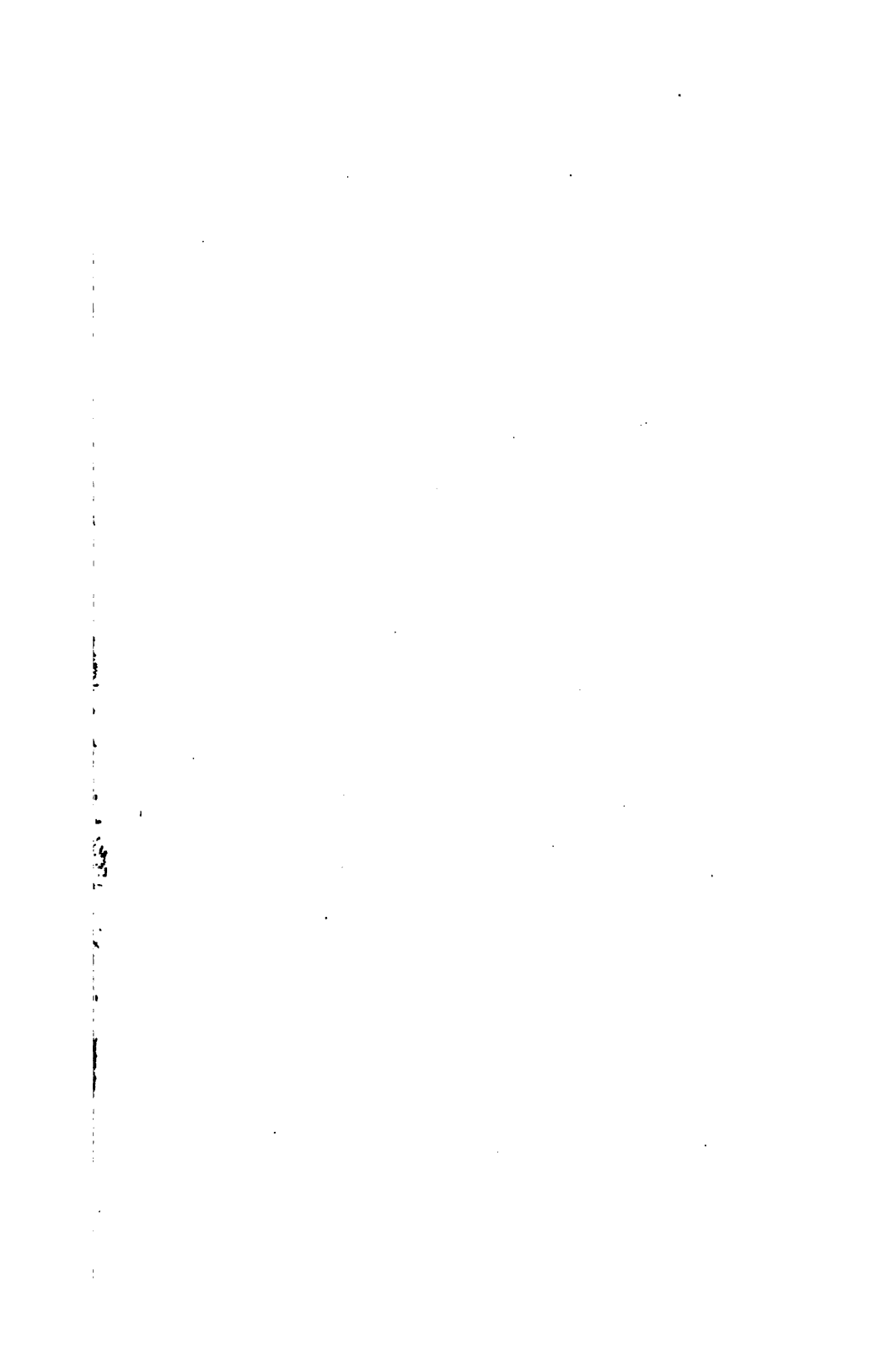
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JAMES H. BROOKES:
A MEMOIR;

DAVID RIDDLE WILLIAMS.









James H. Brooks.
(From his last photograph.)

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JAMES H. BROOKES:

A MEMOIR.

BY
DAVID RIDDLE WILLIAMS.

WITH AN APPENDIX.

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TO
O. B. W. AND S. O. B.

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PREFACE.

This memoir of my father-in-law, Dr. James Hall Brookes, the world-honored preacher, author, editor, —and great and good man,—was written at the request of his family and intimate friends.

That the facts of his life should be preserved for all time, in some such form, was patent. And as no one older and abler stepped forward to do the work, the writer undertook it, with natural hesitancy; yet gladly as a labor of love.

The layman author fully recognizes his limitations in such a memoir, and has studiously avoided getting in an inch beyond his depth. No philosophical analysis of character is attempted—the facts are presented. Those facts have been laboriously gleaned and are correct, coming from first sources.

Nor is any effort made to discuss Dr. Brookes' theological beliefs (it is needless to add). His own words are quoted.

As a presentation of facts, in plain English, this work is offered, and as such should be judged; that, and nothing more.

It is but fair to the author to add that every line was written in the heat of the past St. Louis summer and fall, after long and unremitting days' duties on a city newspaper's staff.

It is hoped, however, that not too often it may appear to be the work of a tired man.

St. Louis, Nov., 1897.

David Riddle Williams

St. Louis, Dec. 19, 1897.

INTRODUCTION.

This is the plain record of the life and works of one who was a fatherless boy, earning his food and garret bed when eight years old; of a needy youth who secured his college education "by the sweat of his brow," and who lived at times, literally, on bread and water while a student; of an unknown minister, poor and without influence, who won his way among strangers solely on his worth, and who came through crucial tests in the troublous times of the 60's such as this generation wots not of.

And then it tells of a city pastor, for thirty-nine years the head of a large St. Louis church; and of an author of a score of books (one read in five languages); and the editor of a widely-known magazine.

And then it tries to picture the every-day life of the man; whose intellectual and moral stature was like that of his physical—head-and-shoulders above the rank and file of us.

With middle age came world-wide fame to this Bible scholar, preacher and author.

Old age drew on, and crowned with richer honors the head of the soldier who had fought the good fight.

And then, on Easter Sunday, 1897, at sunrise—peacefully as a tired infant in its mother's arms—he fell asleep.

“The Child is Father of
the Man.”

CHAPTER I.

THE "FATHER OF THE MAN."

THE early life of James Hall Brookes reminds one of the opening pages of some old-fashioned book of romance.

He had in him the recognized characteristics of the self-made hero of a work of fiction. A strikingly handsome lad, strong and of magnificent physique, he entered the lists in the contest of life alone, unaided—and he won.

Throughout this early life, as later days have proven, "the child," indeed, "is father of the man."

The little town of Pulaski, Tennessee, was the birthplace of James H. Brookes. The 27th of February, 1830, was his natal day. He was the son of Rev. James H. Brookes, Sr., and Judith Smith Lacy Brookes. His father was born in North Carolina; his mother's home was Prince Edward County, Virginia.

He was in the line of Presbyterian and ministerial descent, and came of an ancestry to be proud of, on both maternal and paternal sides, though he disliked to hear any one boast of kin, and never did so himself. His mother's father, Rev. Dr. Drury Lacy, was a well-known Virginia Presbyterian. His grandfather, John Ward Brookes, was a Methodist layman, who had taken for his wife that staunch Presbyterian lass, Margaret Houston, of Edinburgh, Scotland.

James H. Brookes, Sr., was educated at old Hampton Sidney College, of which his noted father-in-law, Dr. Lacy, had been an honored president. He received his theological training at Union Seminary of that State, and his first charge was in Virginia.

A short time before the birth of his famous son, he had become pastor of the Presbyterian church of Pulaski, Tennessee. This town is in a beautiful section of the State, a region of rolling plateaus. Here was one of the strongest Presbyterian congregations of its southern-central portion. In that spot young James Brookes passed his infancy and early years.

Dr. Brookes, the father, was an honored missionary servant of the Presbyterian General Assembly, and did much to establish and nur-

ture new churches. In 1831 he was requested to leave Pulaski, for a short time, to organize and take charge of a new Presbyterian church in Cincinnati. He labored in that city for two years, but the climate not agreeing with his wife, the family returned to Pulaski.

The pastorate there had not been dissolved. In the interim, Rev. W. S. Lacy, a brother-in-law, had filled the absent pastor's pulpit. The work was again taken up in Pulaski, but it was destined soon to be ended for all time.

The faithful minister died suddenly "in harness," in June of 1833, from cholera. That dread disease was then epidemic in the vicinity.

On his last Sunday on earth, Dr. Brookes, Sr., had preached three times, and then had gone to minister to parishioners sick of the malady. From them he took the fatal sickness, and died, after an illness of about eight hours.

James Hall Brookes, the son, was then three years old.

His mother had been bequeathed many slaves by her father, but these her husband, with her full consent, had set free, before he

had removed to Cincinnati. The reason for this general manumission was two-fold. First, Dr. Brookes had always held views which were considered *outré* concerning slaveholding; he never thoroughly approved of it, though a bred-in-the-bone Southern gentleman. And, second, he knew it was impossible to take his slaves to the modest Cincinnati parsonage.

There were two courses before him: he must sell his slaves, or rent their services.

The first was utterly abhorrent to him, and not considered for a moment; and his experience with the latter custom had disgusted him; (a female slave of his was once hired out and came home with marks of cruel beatings on her person.) So he cut the Gordian knot by freeing them all.

But he did not turn them loose as helpless children; money was provided to care for them all, for at least a year. One old "aunty" positively declined to be "free," and on the return of the family to Pulaski attached herself to the household for life.

THE FATHERLESS LAD.

The loss of the husband and father left the widow in very straightened circumstances.

When her son James was eight years old

he became a semi-member of the family of a friend, a retired judge, who had turned farmer.

This man, who had been an elder in Dr. Brookes' church, offered to take James to his farm, about a hundred miles distant, and give him a home, with a chance to study, in return for what he could do.

His treatment there was no doubt well meant, yet it was anything but what he had been accustomed to. His bed-room was a corner of a dark garret. There he sobbed himself to sleep—for he was but a child and missed his dear mother sorely—on the first night in the new "home."

(As soon as his mother learned of his surroundings there, a year later,—for he was too brave to complain,—she sent for him.)

On this farm James had fixed tasks to perform, and fully earned his daily bread and garret couch. But he also had time for study.

A long stage-coach journey had been necessary to reach the new home. On the way, alone, the boy met a man who was destined to play an important part in his life. That man, later, became Governor Neil Brown, of Tennessee. At the time of the lonely journey on the stage coach, he took a great fancy to

the brave youngster who was beginning so early to solve life's problems.

So, at eight years of age, our hero—for he was a hero—began to support himself. Even in old age, Dr. Brookes could not forget that pitiful first night. So great was his loneliness during those times, he used to say, that he finally begged one of the young slaves about the place to share the garret with him.

Do we not again see the likeness to the opening chapter of some hero of romance? There seems to be no element lacking. And yet this is simply an exact statement of the facts of his life, and in no way the play of fancy.

THE DRY GOODS CLERK.

When twelve years old he was an errand boy and under clerk in a general store. In later life Dr. Brookes enjoyed telling of his first experience in selling calico.

A lady came in to buy some of that cloth, and while he waited upon her she asked if the colors were "fast."

"Wait till I go and ask," was the young clerk's reply. He went to the proprietor's son with the query.

"Yes, of course," was the quick response, which James promptly repeated.

The goods were wrapped up and the purchaser was just passing out, when the aforesaid son added, with a laugh: "Yes, the colors are fast—fast fading."

The customer had not heard, but young Brookes had. Shocked and indignant, he rushed after the retreating buyer, much to the disgust of the aforesaid son, and made known the truth.

The "errand boy" evidently made the best possible use of his limited facilities for learning. While under fourteen years of age, Governor Neil Brown, of Tennessee, (who had shared that stage-coach ride,) selected him as eligible for an appointment to the United States Military Academy at West Point.

But his mother's heart was set upon his becoming a minister, and she persuaded him, much against his will at first, to give up the idea of the military career which had fascinated his young mind. For some time after this he was very despondent.

This Governor Brown had been a great admirer of Dr. Brookes, Sr. Some time later he freely offered James a home with him, and an education, both free of any expense to the mother, or to her son. But the kind offer was declined, much as the education was longed

for, and sadly as the means to obtain it were lacking. The young man could not bring himself to accept such aid when he had a fighting and working chance to pay his own way through college. He fully intended to plunge through the swift rapids of life in his own canoe; or his own raft, if he could not afford the first craft.

When about fifteen years old, he entered the Academy at Ashewood, Tennessee. His preparation had been chiefly by his own efforts, amply stimulated by his mother, a woman of exceptional ability, sweetness and strength of character. She did much of the teaching herself; and her pupil was an extraordinarily apt one.

Ashewood was a veritable "nest of Presbyterianism," with a strong church and denominational school of high standing in that region.

Young Brookes had been a pupil there but a short time when the news of a dangerous illness which had befallen him brought sorrow to the Pulaski home. The mother hastened to his side and nursed him back to health. An incident in connection with that sickness became a piece of family history.

THE OLD SLAVE'S REMARKABLE PROPHECY.

At the time of the manumission of the

family slaves, one of them, old "Mammy Hannah," referred to before, the devoted guardian of the children, had positively declined to accept the proffered freedom, and had announced her unalterable intention of living and dying as their nurse.

The faithful old servant was bowed in sorrow at the tidings of the severe illness of "Young Marser Jeems," at the Ashewood Academy.

She helped to nurse him with untiring devotion through his dangerous illness. Once, when her place at his bedside was pre-empted, the old negress took herself to the woods, where she spent the entire night in prayer for the recovery of her young master. She returned calm, hopeful, and positively assured that he would recover.

"Ah's seen a vishun in de woods," she declared; and nothing could shake her belief.

"Ah wrestled all de nite in prar, and de good Lord dun hear dis ole nigger, sho'.

"He shown me Marser Jeems a-standin' in a pulpet a-preachin' de everlasten Gospel."

Her young master at that time had planned to be a soldier—or anything but a preacher. He was no canting, impossible Sunday-school book prodigy, who is too good

for this earth; and fortunately, generally dies in the last chapter. He told her that "it must have been some other fellow you saw standing in that pulpit." But the more earnestly did she insist on the truth of her "vishun." And time soon bore her out.

JAMES H. BROOKES, SCHOOLMASTER.

At the age of sixteen the young man became a molder of the minds of the young in a country school, about two miles from Pulaski. Some of his pupils were older than himself; most of them were of his own age.

He walked to and from his scene of duty. It was before the day of the "little red school house" and the public school teachers. It was his own school, and every cent of his meagre emolument per capita that could be spared, was religiously laid aside towards his college education.

He taught there until he was eighteen years old. At the close of his teaching experiences he was employed as a census-taker, and at that odd occupation doubtless delved deeply into the book of human nature.

All this time he was preparing himself for college. Time was passing, he recognized, so he must "catch up," by entering Junior instead of Freshman year. This, we will find, he did.

The Youth.

CHAPTER II.

THE YOUTH.

MOST fortunately, there have been found two old diaries kept by Dr. Brookes when a youth. The earliest of these begins on Feb. 26, 1849.

These records give a remarkable insight into his environments—spiritual, mental and mundane.

There should be noted, first, the dark background of family bereavement in the death of his father, and beloved older brother, John. Then came financial and other sorrows in the home. The young mind was early forced into a serious mould.

The high hopes and earnest endeavors to secure the longed-for collegiate training is touchingly shown; the practical question of ways and means; the pride and sensitiveness of the poor young student; the alternations of hope and fear. A few lines here, and there,

point out the complete picture for the careful reader of these selections which follow.

Dr. Brookes rarely spoke of himself, either in youth, middle age, or towards his latter end. But to these diary pages he confided much. It is, indeed, fortunate that they have lately been found. These selections well supplement the brief outline sketch of his early days which has preceded.

Quotations from the diaries follow:

"February 27, 1849.

"* * The history of our family has been a strange one. Though a family walking in the ordinances of the Lord, not many temporal blessings have attended them. Father was cut off in the vigor of life, in the very midst of his usefulness. Then my brother, just in the act of attaining the object of his hopes, of mother's prayers, to follow in the footsteps of father in proclaiming God's will to man. * *

"Mother's life has been a continued scene of trials and sorrow. And time, instead of smoothing her pathway to the grave, has only heaped higher the troubles before her * * but 'whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth.' * * He intends putting our faith to the test,

trying its strength on the fierce conflicts, that the path to glory shall not be strewn with flowers."

"*Tuesday night, February 27, 1849.*—My nineteenth birthday has come. To this day I have been looking forward with feelings of peculiar interest. Whenever, within the past two months, I have beheld its sure and swift approach, it has been with unavoidable sadness and bitter regret that I have lived so long, yet to such little purpose. * * With my poverty, my only hope of rising to any eminence in the scale of intellectual existence depends on my single exertions; and the loud calls from the family are before me. * *

"With what careless indifference have I let golden opportunities slip. * * Others have labored under circumstances equally unfavorable and have triumphed by their own unaided exertions. * * But especially have I regarded this day with feelings of deep interest on account of things of a spiritual nature connected with it."

In the next entry the kind offer of the Governor of Tennessee to educate him is recorded. The struggle which follows, and the determination not to put himself under any such obligations, is vividly set forth.

"March 22.—This has been a week more full of joy to me than usual. Doubtless the cause is partly owing to a piece of intelligence I received. * * It was the kind offer of Gov. Brown for me to reside with him in Nashville, and go to College. College life I have so earnestly longed for * * the road to high usefulness and honor that I had thought blocked with almost unsurmountable difficulties is made smooth. * *

"It was a most strong temptation to lay aside my foolish independence. I had almost yielded, but the almost sure prospect of making money sufficient to bear me through College, by taking the census, next year, decided me. I had much rather labor a little longer and a little harder, and be the builder, by God's help, of my own fortune. * *

"But this news caused emotions I never felt before. * * How merciful, how full of loving kindness my Heavenly Father has been to me."

"Tuesday night, March 28.—* * My Christian energy and devotion were more aroused by reading at home, last Sabbath, the biography of James B. Taylor, than for some time. What an example is here of piety, what Paul-like fervor!

"A man whose ideas are absolutely in one pervading idea, whose heart's best affections gush out in one powerful, onward, ceaseless flow, bearing on his bosom the cause of his Master. What proof here of the divinity of our religion."

"*April 12.*—* * Would that I felt a deeper interest in these friends who are still 'without God in the world.' "

Here is shown an insight into fierce spiritual battles, which had to be fought, and won. It is because Dr. Brookes had been assailed by doubts in youth, that he was such a grand leader of young men's gatherings. He knew their spiritual experiences.

"*April 26.*—Assailed by unbelief more fiercely and constantly than usual. The tempter has been trying to persuade me that religion is a principle of our natures, as exhibited in the worship of the most savage men; and that the Christian religion is but a sublimer superstition; the invisibility and mystery of our Deity making Him more awful than the ridiculous objects of heathen adoration.

"The tempter is continually whispering such doubts in my ear. Were it not for the hope that when my perseverance is tested and 'I faint not,' the clouds will be rifted and the

'Sun of Righteousness' will illumine my path, I would give up in despair. * *

"I fight daily with 'this desperately wicked' heart. May the time be hastened, and may I hold out until the 'end.'"

Then there must have followed another struggle as to the acceptance of the kind offer of the friend of his father, Governor Brown. He evidently came to the conclusion that he made a mistake in refusing it—though, a little later, we will see that the offer in question never was accepted,

"*April 26.*—Have written to Gov. Brown again, thanking him for his noble offer, and accepting it. I am anxiously awaiting the arrival of his letter which will finally determine me how to act. I hope that the Lord will, if it be in accordance with His pleasure, * * make use of me as an instrument to do His purposes."

Here we see an expression of despondency in the yearning hope of that college education:

"*May 3.*—Got my letter from Gov. Brown. I was disappointed. Instead of a light steadily fixed in the future, which I so earnestly longed for, my mind is prey to the same gloom and uncertainty. *After all, I may not get to College.*"

But—joy came with the morning, soon:

"May 14.—How manifold are the mercies of God. He seems to have granted me every opportunity I could wish, to obtain the object of my desires—to bear me on with scarcely a struggle.

"In fact, so many ways are opened to me I do not know which to enter. On Saturday I was offered a situation in the Male Academy. And another, still better, offer comes to me; one in which I can make much more money—decidedly preferable to my present situation in every respect, perhaps.

*"So God may have some work for me to do.
* * May it awaken a deeper gratitude and love."*

Here the dominie rejoices that his salary is to be raised to the princely sum of \$170 a term—of which he hopes to save \$160!

"May 16.— * My friends are unwilling that I should leave this neighborhood. They have at once raised my salary surprisingly. It is now increased to \$170; and these generous friends only charging me \$10 board for next session, it will leave me \$160. * **

*"It is, and has long been, evident to me that God was and is specially directing my ways. * * How else can I so have succeed-*

ed? I know how deficient I was in education and in almost every other quality requisite for the schoolmaster, yet I have astonished myself.

"Here lies the secret: *I asked God's assistance and He granted it.*"

The melody turns to minor, again:

"*Friday noon, June 1.*—This, to me, is one of the saddest days imaginable. * * In the distance is just visible my birth-place, the home of my joyous childhood, over which so many sad, most sad changes have come. * * But I should cast the feeling off. It is not manly."

[And manliness was his key-note throughout life.]

A tender tribute to his father is here paid:

"*June 8.*—Sixteen years ago to-day my father died. Though I have no recollection of him, I have been taught to cherish a sacred love for my departed father, and have often deeply regretted that memory would not bring up the faintest look or action of his."

School is almost "out," we see, and the youthful master is soliloquizing over a very successful ten months' session. Evidently he had the farmers' boys well in hand, and could

doubtless "lick" them in a bunch, if necessary:

"*June 14.*—One day more and my labors for this session are over. How anxiously I have looked forward to this time. For ten months have I toiled. I know if I had been left to my own unaided exertions I should have failed. * *

"In all this time no serious difficulty has occurred, and I have been enabled to go forward."

And now another term begins. He is delighted over an attendance of thirty-three:

"*July 3, 1849.*—I began school again yesterday, under circumstances peculiarly flattering. My school already numbers thirty-three—nearly twice as many as I had the whole of last session—and doubtless will increase. * * I know I am under His guidance in every action, but it has struck me that He has especially upheld me in my school."

1850'S RECORD.

It is easy to trace the maturer mind and the firmer chirography in the new diary of 1850, selections of which are now given. The first entry of the new year shows deep fervor of spirit:

"*First Sabbath night of 1850.*—I have been engaged all evening in reading the 'Memoir

of the Rev. Robert McCheyne.' What a noble, enviable man was he. Filled full of love to Christ—his only desire seemed to be to glorify Him—his highest ambition to do good. How peaceful and joyous his life, how calm and triumphant his death. Oh! that I were like him. Reading the history of his burning love and devotedness to the Saviour discovers to me more clearly my own coldness, deadness and worthlessness.

"Would that I were filled more with zeal; would that it were the one great purpose of my life, my chiefest aim, to labor unceasingly for my blessed Master. I thought of the mercies of God unto me, His wonderful goodness, His continual kindness and how little I had done to repay them; how ungrateful and useless I had been; and I there besought Him to make me more diligent in His service, more holy, more useful, more devoted to Christ.

"Here would I renew my petition, beseeching God that it may be done in a proper spirit. My Father Who art in heaven! How good, how merciful, how forbearing hast Thou been unto me! Unworthy as I am, Thou hast ever been mindful of me, visiting me in loving kindness, surrounding me with

Thy parental protection. Day after day and night after night show forth Thy goodness.

"* * Accept this unworthy consecration of myself to Thee for this year and for life. May I do some good each day; may I grow much in grace and the knowledge of truth; use me to effect Thy holy purposes; give me entire submission to Thy will in all things, and after a life of great usefulness to men and of honor to Thee, receive me into Thy heavenly kingdom. I earnestly entreat for Christ's sake—Amen."

"*January 14.*—To-day I again began my life of labor. Ah! mostly it is a toilsome, sad life to me, but for all that it is a strengthening, pleasant, toilsomeness, a sweet sadness. Because I feel that I am doing something, that I am living an earnest life, that I am laboring, actually working. * *

"My life is not without its joys. I can leave the noisy gladness of the school-boys, and seek my favorite woods; there amid the stillness of the deep forest—'God's first temples'—I can commune with Him and hold converse with my own thoughts.

"There the world with its trading, selfishness, money-making, is forgotten, and with the spirit elevated by the silent, sacred influ-

ences about me, I verily believe it lives for the time in a purer atmosphere."

He pays high tribute to teachers here:

"*January 21.*—Had a fair excuse to-day not to teach. Owing to the heavy rains the creeks was immensely swollen. The booming waters went surging by, threateningly; for half a mile my horse was in the water, sometimes nearly to his back, but I determined to go.

"There is something strengthening to me in performing *duty* against inclination. I feel better. Have been reading 'The School and School Masters,' a most useful, practical book. I shall ever feel grateful to it for the instruction and wise hints it gave me.

"More and more am I convinced that next to a preacher of the Gospel, the teacher is living the noblest of all lives. His is the vastly important, but quiet, duty of laying the foundations of Society."

Here is a striking example of his characteristic independence:

"*January 28.*—Met with some opposition to one of my rules of school on the part of one who intended sending to me. It annoyed and excited me considerably, during one day—damped my enthusiasm somewhat—but I have forgotten it now. Convinced by my own ex-

perience, and the observation of others, that I was pursuing decidedly the better plan, I determined to go calmly forward, independent of the wishes of one who has no conception of true education and its end.

“Was up this morning an hour and a half before daylight, writing. I could not finish my letters before twelve o'clock Saturday night, and I thank God I had no disposition to violate His Sabbath by writing on yesterday. * *

“*February 4.*—Read last week ‘The Theory and Practice of Teaching,’ by D. P. Page. The author is a man of high standing and long experience as a teacher, and though much of his theory is impracticable in our poor country schools, the book is a valuable assistant to the educator.

“Heard on yesterday an unusually excellent sermon from Mr. Caldwell. It was one of his times to exhibit earnestness, eloquence, power. * *

“*February 11.*—Had a pleasant time in school last week. All went smoothly, quietly. I am daily receiving tokens of God's goodness. Read during the week, ‘Todds' Student Manual,’ a book full of faithful advice and one I highly prize, for it showed to me many of my

own faults and errors, the attempt to conquer which has already been of benefit to me.

"Oh! that I were freer from imperfection! How miserably inferior I am morally and intellectually, to a true man, to what I might have been. Lord! teach me. Read last night the biography of Jonathan Edwards. He was a true man, a strong man, a 'proper man.' "

And the young schoolmaster must have read that "true man, strong man, 'proper man,' " into his own life for all time.

The Collegian.

CHAPTER III.

THE COLLEGIAN.

YOUNG Brookes started for Princeton college, but arrived at Miami University.

Interesting is the history of the events which led up to that sudden change in his life plan. The hand of Providence can clearly be seen through it all. He was sent to Miami.

There he met and loved the one woman who was meant to be his wife, and who, through their long, loving, ideal life together, was ever one with him in Christian service; his constant stimulus to the fulfillment of noble purposes; who ever shielded him from petty cares; who made his interests paramount; and who received from him all through his married life the constantly expressed devotion of a youthful lover, coupled with the highest respect for her piety, her intellect, her attainments, and her splendid store of sound sense.

When the way at last was opened that led to the college door, the young man left Pulaski for the East, *via* Cincinnati. In his pocket he carried a letter of introduction to Rev. Dr. N. L. Rice, of that city. He had learned to greatly admire Dr. Rice, through reading his famed debate with Dr. Alexander Campbell, which had taken place some years before.

(It is a striking coincidence that young Brookes, the ex-country school teacher, was destined, a few years later, to be the noted successor of this same Dr. Rice, in the pulpit of the Second Presbyterian church of St. Louis.)

On his arrival in Cincinnati, Brookes learned that Dr. Rice was out of the city, but was expected soon to return. As he was anxious to meet the Doctor, he decided to wait a few days.

HOW HE FOUND "A FRIEND IN NEED."

While waiting, a peculiar incident occurred which the Dr. Brookes of later years never forgot.

He was a total stranger in the city and was nobody's guest, save a hotel's. His ready money having run out, he went to a bank to cash a draft which represented about all of his worldly wealth. The cashier politely said that he must be identified.

"But I don't know a soul in the city," replied Brookes.

"Well, I'm very sorry, but I cannot cash your draft," was the response.

Here was a predicament, surely. If Dr. Rice's return should be delayed a few days longer, what would he do? The hotel proprietor would not cash the draft. As he pondered, he walked about, seeking to find work of any kind to relieve his temporary needs, and considering ways and means.

Suddenly, he glanced up and noticed a name over a store. It was an odd Jewish name, and seemed strangely familiar.

The next moment Brookes was in that store, and its proprietor, with joyful countenance, was counting out gold for the face of the draft, and assuring him, meanwhile, that anything in sight which he wanted was his for the asking.

"When my wife lay sick," said the merchant, "your mother was the only woman in the whole place who came to help her."

"You can have anything there is in this store. I can never forget her kindness to my family—strangers in a far land."

That Jewish family had come to Pulaski in Dr. Brookes' boyhood. They had met with a

frigid reception and soon left. Pulaski, evidently, did not foster Jewish immigration. Only one person had shown the strangers any courtesy. That was the mother of the boy who was walking the streets of Cincinnati, wondering how he could get that draft cashed; and what would happen if he could not.

After the heartfelt welcome, scenes of his extreme youth flashed before his mind. He recalled the arrival of the Jewish family; how the children of the strangers were shunned by their schoolmates; of how indignant his mother was when he told her that the Jewish little ones were mistreated by the others.

At that time was implanted firmly by his mother, the fact that the "Jews were God's people." She told him and his sister that they must be kind to the young strangers, and then she practiced what she preached, by going to see the new family herself.

Those lessons were never forgotten. In later life Dr. Brookes was a strong ally of various Jewish Missions. He thoroughly believed in attempts to convert the Jews to the reception of Christ as their Messiah. To his mother's precepts and practice that tendency can doubtless be traced. And in his study of the

Scriptures, this feeling was deepened to a passion.

And, verily, even in this world, her kindness to that Jew bore fruit. Her son might have carried off the contents of that Cincinnati store, had he desired to.

STRANGE CITY SIGHTS.

The strain on the exchequer having been lightened, the young man determined to see the sights.

He had never traveled, and the first glimpse of the Ohio river awed him, he used to say. It was an ocean, almost, compared to his Tennessee rivers.

The market, too, fascinated him. But he was astounded by the "ladies he saw there." He wrote home that he thought Cincinnati must have "the homeliest lot of women in the world!" The simple-hearted country lad had mistaken the stall-keepers for wives of prominent citizens! (At his home the "quality" ladies all went to market, with a colored boy and a basket.)

At length Dr. Rice returned. A pleasant interview was held. The minister at once took a deep interest in the young man—as did all who met the tall, remarkably handsome, intellectual-looking Tennessean—and began

to strongly urge him to go to Miami University at Oxford, Ohio, instead of Princeton. What arguments were used are not known. But the result was, that Brookes took the stage coach for Miami, "to look it over, anyhow," before starting for the New Jersey seat of learning.

The beautiful campus and the scholarly atmosphere of Miami, together with his pleasant reception from the President, Dr. W. C. Anderson, very favorably impressed him. He decided to secure there his longed-for, struggled-for, saved-for, and now finally opening college education.

Another turning-point in the highway of his life had been reached.

So thorough a preparation had the young student given himself, and so able was he, that he successfully passed an examination which admitted him at once to Junior year classes. Recognizing that time was short and that he had been "handicapped"—to borrow the one fitting word—by poverty and circumstances that would have long since discouraged others, he hastened matters. So he "experienced" Freshman and Sophomore years by means of examinations which occupied a few hours.

Thus he "caught up" with time, and con-

quered circumstances. A lesson of encouragement to ambitious young men of all ages and countries is to be found in this plain statement of facts of the college career of the great man.

He clearly recognized that he must "husband his resources," and live cheaply. As was often the custom in those early days, he began to "batch it," i. e., he cooked his own food—what little there was of it—and was his own housekeeper.

Often he lived, literally, on bread and water. It was not his poverty alone that led to such a regimen, but partly through a natural dislike for culinary pursuits and the unpleasant "washing of dishes," which would necessarily follow.

Finally, his splendid physique must have shown signs of his improper dietery. An influential friend came to the student and made such a vehement argument against his continuing in that mode of life which was endangering his constitution—and thereby his future usefulness—that some arrangement was soon made by which Brookes gave up his "batching," and took his meals in the college refectory.

There was, it is believed, one, only one (and the accent should be placed on "only,")

attempt to "haze" the stalwart young Southerner. And a sorry "hazing-bee" was that. The conspirators were most decidedly hoisted by their own "petard."

One night, while Brookes was studying in his room, two of the upper classmen unwisely decided to "haze" him. But the first thing they knew, he had their respective heads under his strong arms, and they were being dragged, protesting and kicking in vain, to the nearest pump. There, each was soused. Hazing operations on the new Junior from Tennessee stopped then and there—according to all information obtainable—with a sudden jolt.

Soon he met Miss Susan Oliver, the exceptionally beautiful and gifted daughter of Dr. Oliver, a retired Ohio physician of prominence, who had removed to Oxford for the purpose of educating his children at the college and seminaries there. Providence seemed clearly to have brought this removal about.

The decision as to whether the family should go to Cincinnati, or to Oxford, was practically left to Miss Susan, a ruling spirit in the household. Naturally, a young lady who had finished her education, and who, because of her remarkable beauty and gifts, might have

shone in society circles of any city, anywhere, would have chosen to go to Cincinnati. Such a choice ninety nine young ladies out of a hundred, in similar circumstances, would have made.

But she was the one-hundredth—then, as all through her life. With the rare unselfishness that has always sunk herself and her natural inclinations, she urged her parents for the sake of the younger children (who could then be properly educated and at the same time enjoy their home)—to go to Oxford.

And soon, no doubt, it might be added, she was very glad that she had made that decision.

THE LOVERS MET.

The first glimpse James H. Brookes had of the girl who was predestined to be Mrs. James H. Brookes, was under decidedly thrilling circumstances.

A gentle stream had become, suddenly, a raging torrent, and through that stream Miss Oliver, an expert horsewoman, was riding. There was danger that the animal and its fair burden might any moment be swept away, but the young lady was bent upon fording that stream then and there—and ford it she did.

She knew it not, but near by a handsome collegian was watching her with intense interest. From that time she had an ardent suitor. A near relative of Miss Oliver's desired to know something of the young suitor's family, naturally. Told of it, the lover said: "Tell him that most of my ancestry have gone to the skies."

A CLASSMATE'S RECOLLECTIONS.

Rev. Dr. Thomas Fullerton, of Cincinnati, a college classmate of Dr. Brookes', thus wrote under date of September 1, 1897:

"What I recall most readily of Brookes as he was forty-five years ago, is the mingling of elements in his nature which made him so dear to us.

"What he was in after life he was in college.

"He was mature when he came to Oxford—I think the oldest man of our class except McMillan. He had passed through varied experiences, and knew human nature. He had some acquaintance with literature. (I wonder if he always delighted in Longfellow as he did in 1852!) His mind was active and vigorous. He was a model of manly strength and beauty. He was naturally eloquent. He had a rich humor. He did not laugh loud him-

self, but liked to make others laugh till the halls rang.

"I well remember some of his good stories. I try at times to repeat them. But they are not droll on my lips, as they were on his.

"He was a leader; I may say the leader of the college. No other man had such a following. It was not because he sought to be the head. There was no trace in him of the school demagogue, nothing of a 'Steerforth' nature. (I may say in passing that I can recall his enjoyment of David Copperfield, which we read at the same time.)

"He was, I repeat, the leader of the college. Yet, among his contemporaries were David Swing, Harmer Denny, Milton Saylor, Benjamin Harrison, and among the younger men Whitelaw Reid, Henry (now Chancellor) McCracken, and other brilliant stars.

"It is scarcely worth while to give names from our own class. Alas! the most promising among them were soon to be read on grave-stones: Hibben, Holmes, Lowe, Carson, McNair, Ustick, McNutt—how early they finished their race! We who linger, remember them with admiration, and shaking our grey heads say: Ah! if they had lived, the class of

1853 would have been heard from! But Brookes led all these.

"Not, perhaps, in scholarship, though he was a faithful student. But in the gifts which make men forces and foremost. He was our Captain and we were proud of him.

"The more so, because he was a man of God. The man of God is himself humble. But others may be proud of him with thankful glorying. Brookes' piety was deep. No one would have dared to whisper a doubt of it. There was no cant in him. At times despondent—a remarkable thing in one so sane in mind and body—he never put on a long face for appearance sake; never spoke unreal words."

At Princeton Seminary.


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Dr. Brookes as a Young Man.
(Reproduced from an old Daguerreotype)

CHAPTER IV. AT PRINCETON SEMINARY.

 JAMES H. BROOKES, B. A., arrived at Princeton Seminary with ninety-six cents in his pocket. But he was there to complete his theological training—the call “woe is me if I preach not the Gospel” ringing in his ears—and finish it he did.

He secured a loan of fifty dollars from a relative in Baltimore, and proceeded to fit up his room—with a five dollar bill. (He was never an aid-receiver from any individual or any Church Board of Education.)

He secured a room, in the basement of one of the dormitories, so undesirable as to be given free to needy students. It was a section fittingly dubbed “The Tombs.” With the five dollar bill mentioned he bought some meagre second-hand furniture. Then he secured board in the refectory.

Between the unhealthy bed room and a limited dietary, Brookes was metamorphosed

from a sturdy, ruddy young giant into a pale, wasted cleric; and all in a few months. But for the kind ministrations of a quaint old negro woman, "Aunt Betsey," who forced upon him many a basket of good food, daintily prepared, he used to say that he could hardly have lived through those few months in New Jersey.

He came to know "Aunt Betsey" through a Sunday-school for negroes, which he immediately sought out and thereafter regularly taught in. He "understood" negroes, and they loved him, there, at Oxford, St. Louis and everywhere else. This "Aunty" referred to was a character, and deserves mention in view of what she did for Dr. Brookes. She was very intelligent and had spent much of her life as a missionary in the Sandwich Islands. She had been a slave of Admiral Stockton's. Dr. Brookes always said that she "saved his life," and her picture was carefully preserved in his study.

HIS MUSCULAR CHRISTIANITY.

In connection with the foregoing reference to his labors among the Princeton negroes, a fellow seminary student, Rev. Dr. R. C. Galbraith, of Chillicothe, Ohio, wrote in September, 1897, for this book, a very amusing bit of memorabilia, which is here quoted:

“When he went to Princeton the student who had been looking after the Sunday-school in the colored Presbyterian Church had not yet arrived, and by some lucky happening Brookes was invited to superintend the school and preach to the congregation, on the first Sunday after his arrival.

“In the school a little boy was making some confusion when Mr. Brookes said, ‘Boy, you must behave yourself, or I’ll spank you!’

“This was amusing to the boy, and to the whole school; such a thing as spanking a boy in Sunday-school being an unheard-of thing.

“The boy grew more demonstrative and Mr. Brookes walked down, turned him over his knee and convinced the whole school that he had meant what he said. He certainly did what he had threatened.

“After school he preached, and captured the congregation with the sermon, as he had the school boy with the spanking, and so long as he remained at Princeton, the colored people wanted no other preacher.

“As we know, he proved when he went out to work that he could as easily interest and profit men of vastly greater culture and prominence. He was a good steward of the mani-

fold grace of God,—‘a householder bringing forth out of his treasure things new and old.’”

In the Junior year at Miami, Mr. Brookes began his theological training by combining his college work with the regular course at the United Presbyterian Seminary at Oxford. He was abundantly able to do the double work. Dr. Claybaugh, the professor who chiefly instructed him, was considered one of the finest scholars in his church.

He spent the greater part of the summer's vacation following his graduation, at Princeton; going there a few weeks after receiving his degree. A short summer trip intervened; a trip which cost much more than was anticipated, and which led up to the ninety-six cents condition of things.

Of his daily life at Princeton, his favorite studies, his friends, his mode of recreation; of all such there is, unfortunately, no record at hand. But it is the man we are studying, and from his own lips are recorded events of those days which show clearly the under-strata of his make-up; inclinations, feelings and sentiments which can be traced out in later years of Christian activity.

HIS VIEWS ON STUDENT AID.

Brookes had a friend at the Seminary who was always exceptionally well dressed, and the occupant of a luxurious room. The young Tennessean naturally supposed his friend to be the scion of some wealthy family, judging from the appearance of things.

This supposedly wealthy young man remonstrated, one day, concerning Brookes' cellar-like room.

"Why don't you have a better room than this?" inquired the friend.

"It is as good a room as I can afford," answered Brookes.

"Then why don't you ask the Board of Education for aid? They give me help."

Brookes was dumbfounded. It was the Board, then, that helped to pay for those natty clothes, and that handsomely-furnished room.

"I intend to go through on my own resources," replied Brookes, "or I won't go through at all." This was said frankly, but with no criticism of the views of the other. He then went on to explain his ideas on "student aid."

He believed that the student of push and "gumption" would find a way, as he did; if the way seemed too hard to find, and the student

was unwilling to toil for an education to fit him for the ministry, then the church would be the better off without the services of such a man.

He recognized that there were exceptions, of course; and he would not quarrel with any one who gave aid or took aid. But, on principle, he was against student aid.

He was often an outspoken critic against the luxury of too many of the American Theological seminaries. He held that they did not train men to battle in struggling fields. Unquestionably, his Princeton experiences led to that belief. Yet in the kindness of his heart he could wish no theologian to be driven to a basement room. It was the happy mean he advocated.

In this belief he has been upheld by many ministers and laymen. There is, today, a cry that the seminary graduates hang back, in too many instances, from the hard pioneer posts. They want established churches. The style of seminary living, these critics assert, has much to do with such a state of things. Dr. Brookes simply antedated, by many years, such in their views.

He also held that the Theological seminaries did not make enough of the English

Bible. He, the English Bible's Champion, often spoke out and spared not when discussing that point. He said the average seminary graduate "knew too much about the Bible, but not enough of the Bible." He may not always have pleased men in so speaking. But that made not the most infinitesimal difference to him. He was speaking his convictions.

To revert to the subject of student aid, it can be truthfully said, that all young Brookes needed to do was to make a simple request to the Board, and aid would have been forthcoming. He really needed help. His poverty, and mean quarters, almost ruined his health. His was certainly one of those exceptionally deserving cases. But he fought it out alone for ten months in "The Tombs," and paid that borrowed \$50 back, out of the first quarter's salary as a settled pastor.

By the fellow seminary student, already quoted in this chapter, the following testimony was written:

"James H. Brookes was an independent, generous, noble, high-minded gentleman, with manners so naturally easy, and with such kindly feeling, that I was attracted to him at once, and found it a most easy lesson to learn to love him.

"He hated all pretense and sham; saw most clearly what he did see; was very certain that he was right. Often, to hear him speak of those who did not agree with him, one might suppose him harsh and unloving. But those that knew him well did know that, having the strength of a man, he had also the tenderness and love of a woman; a love that drew him to his friends and held him to them even though he might know much of their unworthiness. They were his friends, and that made atonement for much. He stuck to them through evil or good report.

"He was impulsive in thought and action; a friend of the poor, a helper of the oppressed; ready to work where he saw that work was needed, and in such cheerful, hearty manner, that the most suspicious could see no trace of condescension on his part, or ever thought of accusing him of a patronizing air."

THE YOUNG ICONOCLAST.

While at the seminary he stormed inwardly against the cut of the average theologian's coat; his white necktie; his "holy tone."

All that smacked of churchly professionalism he loathed. As a relief, he frequently *stuck his trousers into his boots and paraded Princeton's*

streets. (His own words are the authority for this statement.)

That was his silent protest against embryonic clericalism.

How he must have shocked some of those dapper little theologues! They doubtless pointed a finger of scorn at the brusque young Southerner, and shaking their locks over him, predicted his dire end.

But what of the record of that Southerner they criticised?

It is easy to trace the dislike which Dr. Brookes always had, and always showed, for ministerial uniforms and clerical "favors," back to those days. Others might use all such; many of his respected confreres did so. He did not judge them. But as for him—he was through life the Tennessean who tucked his trousers into his boots, for a protest.

And it was, in part, because he was such a man among men, that he had the tremendous influence he did over "all sorts and conditions" of them. There can be no question as to that. The farmer, the dry goods clerk, the school teacher, the census-taker—Dr. Brookes had worked faithfully as each. He had been a graduate in the College of Life and sat in many of its post-graduate classes. A profound

study of human nature had followed, of necessity.

He did not look out on life, and the struggle in men's minds and souls, in the bland manner of the typical young scholastic who goes direct from his seven years of book study into his pulpit; then to learn, from bitter experiences often, to know men and things—if ever he does learn.

Dr. Brookes had studied men first, and theology afterwards.

And it might be said, in passing, that no one ever heard him deliver a "discourse" on the "nobility of man." His firm belief was that man was "a poor critter," to use the homely phrase.

One day, in later life, a learned guest asked Dr. Brookes if he did not think that "self-esteem was a most noble attribute of the human mind?"

"Do you really want to know what I think of self-esteem, and of man?" responded Dr. Brookes.

"Yes."

"Well, I'll tell you. I think man ought to have a third leg, to kick himself over Creation with."

The Settled Pastor.

CHAPTER V.
THE SETTLED PASTOR.

PRESIDENT Anderson, of Miami University, brought the name of the young Timothy, James H. Brookes, before the session of the First Presbyterian Church of Dayton, Ohio, when the pulpit of it was vacant through the resignation of Rev. Dr. Gurley. A special meeting of the Presbytery was called to grant the necessary license to preach.

He evidently pleased his Dayton hearers greatly, for, after two sermons, the young man received an unanimous call from that strong and influential church.

He then gave a striking example of a noted characteristic: his power to quickly decide on a course of action. For, within one week, he was ordained, installed and—married. Miss Susan Oliver became Mrs. James H. Brookes, at her home in Oxford, on May 2, 1854. The honeymoon was spent in Ten-

nessee. A month later, the young couple took up their life together at Dayton.

The work of the young pastor, begun under such auspicious circumstances, was most successful. Soon every seat in the church auditorium was filled and there was a crying need for a larger building. Without seeking the slightest particle of publicity, the work of the preacher attracted attention from an ever-enlarging circle.

FROM A FELLOW PASTOR, OF DAYTON.

Rev. Dr. James S. Kemper, now in his 83rd year, was a fellow pastor and neighbor of Dr. Brookes at Dayton. He moderated the congregational meeting of the First church, which unanimously called Dr. Brookes.

A warm intimacy sprang up between them, which never cooled. Not long before Dr. Brookes' death, letters full of affection passed between them. Dr. Kemper had baptized the oldest daughter of his friend, Etta Olive Brookes, who died, a beautiful girl of rare promise, in her sixteenth year.

Dr. Kemper has shown his kindly interest in this collection of memorabilia, by sending the following letter from Dayton. It is full of historical facts of interest; and it also paints a striking portrait of the young pastor.

"In the winter and spring of 1854," writes Dr. Kemper, "Rev. P. D. Gurley, D. D., the able and beloved pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Dayton, Ohio, after at first declining, eventually accepted a call and removed to Washington City. The best people he left in the church were in dismay. Many said their church was undone, and could never recover from its loss.

"A young man from Pulaski, Tenn., had, the year before, pursued the studies of the Senior year in Miami University, at Oxford, Ohio, while studying theology under Dr. Claybaugh, a professor of theology there, in the United Presbyterian Seminary. On graduating, he had gone to Princeton Theological Seminary; had been there five months. He was heard of by the Dayton First Presbyterian Church, and was asked to visit and preach to the people, which he did.

When—within two weeks after Dr. Gurley's removal—the congregation, and more or less the town, was saying the church's loss was irreparable, Mr. James H. Brookes was unanimously called to be the pastor, by the largest congregational meeting ever held in the church, and with the utmost enthusiasm.

"The writer of these lines moderated the

congregational meeting that voted the call, and knows; he is not writing on report, or at random.

"The congregational attendance was materially increased from the start, and so continued. Members of the Session, gray-haired men, who had become so in the eldership, were heard saying that they had secured a pastor 'who was to be the first man in the church.'

"The call was presented to Miami Presbytery in April, 1854, at Monroe, Ohio. By that body, it was presented to Mr. Brookes, already a licentiate, and accepted by him. He preached his trial sermon, was ordained, and arrangements were made which in due time culminated in his installment as pastor of the First, then the oldest and largest, Presbyterian church in Dayton.

"Mr. Brookes was a positive man from the first, and a positive Presbyterian. He was earnest to win souls. As far as this writer knows, the harshest things he ever said in the pulpit were in impatience with obdurate neglecters of Jesus Christ and His Gospel. It is simple truth to say that he faithfully labored on in Dayton, honored and beloved, until 1857; when, called to St. Louis, he was with sincere regret released. Since then, there

has been his field, and others will tell of his work. His record is on high, and now he knows even as he is known.

"His (probably) last photograph, sent by special solicitation, stands over the writer's desk; the same face known and loved for more than forty years."

A PASTORAL INCIDENT.

An interesting incident of the experience at Dayton naturally comes to mind here; it was an anecdote of the Dr. Brookes of later life.

There had been some trivial trouble between the volunteer choir and certain members of the congregation. Feelings had been sorely ruffled, and the choir—"struck," literally. With woebegone faces came some of the church officers to their pastor's study for a "council of war."

"Oh, is that all?" said he. "Then never mind. If the choir refuses to sing, I will lead myself!"

And lead he did, the next Sunday, and thereafter, in clear, strong tones, till new choir arrangements were made. Some of the old-fashioned members said the singing had never been so hearty and so satisfactory to them as when the young pastor "led off."

CALLED TO LOUISVILLE.

It was to be expected that a city of Dayton's size could not long hold James H. Brookes as its own. Very soon a flattering call from a large Presbyterian church of Louisville, Kentucky, came.

Against the acceptance of this invitation the Dayton congregation arose in its might. Their pastor's announcement of the call to leave them, and his doubtful state of mind as to what was his duty, has fortunately been found.

It shows clearly the remarkable growth of this first charge of the young pastor's; having every pew filled, and other worshipers seeking entrance. But it is, moreover, worthy of study as a striking presentation of the thoughts of a conscientious minister concerning a call to him, a settled, successful pastor, to become the head of another church. It might well have been published, years ago, as a "Treatise on Calls," to be read by all ministers and congregations.

Selections from this pastoral letter of August 5, 1857, follow:

"To the congregation of the First Presbyterian Church:

"You have met to-day to decide the ques-

tion, whether you will consent to the dissolution of the relation now existing between us as pastor and people.

“You not only have a right to your own opinions, as Presbyterians, and a right to express those opinions freely; but you are responsible to God, for the decision you now make, and you are under the most solemn obligations to view the whole matter simply and solely as a question of duty. I hold that no minister is justifiable in trampling down the affection, the hopes, and judgment of his people, in order to carry out his convictions of duty, unless those convictions are so clear and profound, that nothing whatever can change them; and unless it were a more manifest wrong to disobey his own sense of what he should do, than to come in conflict with their calm, thoughtful, well-matured views of what duty demands at his hands.

“If circumstances are such that the arguments in favor of leaving a charge are overwhelming to his own mind, and if his people cannot place themselves in a position where they, too, may weigh the arguments—where the light he has cannot reach them—he is, of course, obliged to consult only his convictions. But if all, or most, of the facts in the case are

within their reach, he is not a true Presbyterian if he ignores their right to call in question the correctness of his conclusion, or the propriety of his contemplated proceeding.

“Light, free light, from the Throne of God, is what both parties should earnestly strive and pray to obtain. The people, under God, are the source of power and the final court of appeal in our Church, as much as they are in a Republican or Democratic civil government. No spiritual despot can consult his own will, and require them silently to acquiesce in his decisions. No Presbyterian minister has breathed in the Spirit of his Church who will, except in the most extraordinary case, set up his own judgment as infallible and utterly beyond the influence of the feelings, the desires, and the opinions of his people.

“No pastor has a right to ask a congregation to consent to a dissolution of the relation existing between them on the ground, alone, that he so wishes it. He is bound to act with reference to the glory of Christ, the best interests of His Kingdom and the good of souls, as these high ends appear to his mind; they are bound to act with the same grand objects, as they shall appear to their minds.

“He is answerable, at the bar of God, for

the conclusion to which he comes. They are answerable for the manner in which they treat those conclusions, and for their own convictions, whether they conflict with his or not—for their own decisions, whether they chime with his or not.

“What do the interests of Christ’s Kingdom demand of us, in our present posture? If you believe that those interests will be better secured by the removal of your pastor to Louisville, you must have the nobleness and Christian spirit to give him up, even if the separation should painfully tear asunder precious ties, and wound bleeding, affectionate hearts. I have confidence in you to think that you will make the sacrifice, if need be, for Jesus’ sake, and that your willingness to do what will advance His Kingdom, shall call down upon you a blessing that will richly compensate for any pain you may feel in consenting to break up a mutually tender and pleasant relation. If, however, you do not believe that my removal will be for the interest of the church, as a whole, you are under imperative obligation to say so, even if I desired to make the removal. But it is needless to assure you that I have no such desire in itself considered; that I have no wish

to leave you, save the wish that springs from a sense of duty.

"Let me briefly lay the facts before you that have produced the conviction, in my mind, that I am called in the Providence of God to leave you, and labor in another part of His vineyard.

"First, then, I have feared that my work here is almost done. I have reached almost all that I can hope to reach, without enlarged means of usefulness. Already fully one hundred families are crowded in some seventy pews, and, as the Trustees inform me, two-thirds of these pews are occupied by two, and very often by three, families. Room for other families that wish to attend our church, room for strangers, room to receive those who might with little effort be induced to put themselves within reach of the means of grace, room for God's poor, room for the perishing in the streets and lanes of the city, is exceedingly hard to obtain, if not almost wholly out of the question.

"As a natural result of this state of things, the members of my church do not and cannot exert themselves to secure continued growth, to bring others within the sound of the Gospel,

and to see to it that all the flock are gathered in.

“That field is a large and important one. The room for growth is unlimited, and with God’s blessing, we may reasonably expect immense good to be achieved by faithful labor.

“Dayton has my heart, but the treasure seems to be in Louisville; and though our Savior says where the treasure is there will the heart be also, the heart, in this case, is in Louisville only for the souls that may there be brought to Jesus. Here I am hampered; there the Lord will bring me into a large place. Here I can hope to reach but few; there numbers stand to be urged to the Cross. Here a little may be done; there much fruit may be expected as the result of diligent, prayerful effort.

“Weigh the whole matter, my dear people, as a question of duty; inquire seriously and prayerfully what you and I owe to the church and to our Redeemer; and may God in His infinite mercy lead you to such a conclusion as shall promote the best interests of His Kingdom and call down upon us His favor which is life, His loving kindness which is better than life.

“Your affectionate Friend and Pastor,

“JAMES H. BROOKES.”

THE CALL DECLINED.

The Dayton church was thoroughly aroused and strongly resisted the call to Louisville. The matter was taken to Presbytery. Mr. Brookes told the representatives of his church there, very frankly, that he loved his Dayton charge, and desired nothing better than to remain as their pastor indefinitely; he reiterated that "his heart was in Dayton."

But, with equal frankness, he pointed out that it was unfair to them, to him, and to the cause he labored for, to expect him to continue in the overcrowded building which practically barred out new members.

The fairness of his words appealed to all. No one could expect such a man to continue long in a church which was then so filled that further growth was impossible. What was practically a compact was then made. The representatives of the Dayton church at Presbytery said that if he would continue as their pastor, that they would enlarge the church, and give it a fair chance for future growth and extended influence.

"Then," replied their pastor at once, "I will stay with you all the rest of my days."

So the flattering call to the large city

church was declined, and the work at Dayton went on with unabated zeal.

But the second call to a larger field, which soon came, could not, under the circumstances, be declined. What these circumstances were, will be shown in another chapter.



Called To St. Louis.

CHAPTER VI.

CALLED TO ST. LOUIS.

THE Second Presbyterian Church of St. Louis was, in 1857, without a pastor; Dr. Rice having accepted a call to Chicago. (This same Dr. Rice was the Cincinnati friend of James Brookes, the collegian.)

The manner in which the name of Rev. James H. Brookes was brought before that church is an interesting bit of history.

One of the pastoral committee of the church had taken a long pilgrimage to hear a certain noted preacher of that day. But he was not pleased, and so reported on his return to St. Louis. The congregation knew not exactly where to turn.

It so happened, as we would say—though Dr. Brookes would say, “there are no happenings”—that the father of one of the elders of the present Washington and Compton Avenue Church, while en route from his Virginia home to St. Louis, had been obliged, against his

will, to stop off for a Sunday at Dayton, Ohio. He "happened" to enter Mr. Brookes' church, knowing absolutely nothing of him.

The stranger was simply captivated. He brought such a glowing report to his son in St. Louis, that immediate plans were laid to have the remarkable young Dayton preacher come to St. Louis, "on trial," so to speak.

A letter inviting Mr. Brookes to come and preach one Sunday, was sent. It was immediately declined.

Later, when a proposed visit to his mother in Tennessee, was about to be made, a Sunday stop at St. Louis was arranged for, after many urgent invitations.

It was considered on neither side as "candidating." Dr. Brookes never was a "candidate" for any pulpit. In the following January, the brief visit to the Second church was made.

His preaching, his personality—everything, must have pleased the St. Louis congregation, for on February 15th, the unanimous call was sent.

The steps which led to the prompt acceptance of the call were simple. According to the Dayton church officers, the hard times had prevented the fulfillment of their plan for the

necessary rebuilding of the church. It was on that hope that the call to Louisville had been declined.

There seemed to be no immediate likelihood of any enlarging of the Dayton church, and he felt that the great field and wider opportunities which again were opened before him must not a second time, for merely personal reasons, be disregarded.

With kindest feeling toward the membership as individuals, he read his resignation from the pulpit, the following Sunday.

"You need not oppose it," he said; "I do not intend to remain. You have not fulfilled your pledge."

THE FIRST PRAYER-MEETING.

Dr. Brookes began his St. Louis pastorate informally, on a cold Wednesday night, February 18, 1858.

From the train, he was taken at once to the home of Judge Gamble, an officer of his new church, where a warm welcome and many creature comforts awaited the "new minister." From the comfortable home the energetic guest went, accompanied by his host, to the church to attend prayer-meeting. They were, necessarily, somewhat late, and found the congregation at prayer.

Dr. Brookes said it was "a good beginning."

And so it proved to be. For the new pastor immediately began to conduct protracted evangelistic services, which were carried on for some time with most encouraging results.

At his first communion service, soon after his arrival, he had the pleasure of welcoming into church fellowship forty-five new members, a large proportion being young men, and all, it is understood, being adults.

He referred, on that communion Sunday, to the work of his predecessors, Dr. Potts and Dr. Rice. With a sense of modesty which well became a young man, he gave the glory for the very auspicious beginning of his city pastorate, first, to his Maker, and then to his predecessors.

His words were: "I am but reaping the harvest sown by that saintly man, Dr. Potts, who ministered to you of the Word of God; and of the loved Dr. Rice, so lately with you."

So his work in St. Louis was begun most hopefully.

Among those who were received at the first communions were young men destined to be upholders of Dr. Brookes' hands throughout the whole of his thirty-nine years' pastorate

in St. Louis some of whom are still honored lay officers of the Washington and Compton Avenue Church of that city. Their pastor grew old with them, and he has gone beyond.

It was his custom, in those days, to frequently meet with his young converts, to instruct them and strengthen them. Such meetings are looked back to with special tenderness by those who were a part of them.

THE COLONIZATION PLAN.

The Second Church was strong and prosperous when the young minister came to it. He would have preferred, doubtless, in many ways, a weak or run-down church which needed a young giant to build it up. The next best thing, he held, was to urge colonization.

Dr. Brookes was always an advocate of the church colonization plan, and he soon made known his ideas among his St. Louis friends. He believed that the strong Second Church should send out a branch into a home of its own, free from debt.

He laid before his church officers his arguments in telling fashion. He showed them that in a church so thoroughly filled with members there was little chance for bringing in strangers, and as a young minister he wanted plenty of growing room. The lesson he had

learned in his first pastorate was doubtless always before him.

His plan, in brief, was this: The Second Church should buy a suitable site, in the proper locality for future usefulness, and erect upon it a complete new church. His idea met with approval, and a lot at 16th and Walnut street was bought.

There a large chapel was erected. The history of that edifice, and the great Presbyterian church Dr. Brookes made of it, is told in other chapters.

It is needless to say that when the idea of the colony was conceived and carried out, there was no thought in the minds of either Dr. Brookes or the congregation of the Second Church, that he was to go out with any colony. But untoward and unexpected circumstances developed, and he was urged to lead out that colony and to occupy the pulpit of that very church, then roofed over, but not finished.

To one looking back upon those days, the workings of Providence are most plainly seen in this colonization plan of the brilliant young pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church. When there was sudden and urgent need of a new church home, that home was ready.

THE FIRST EUROPEAN TRIP.

In 1861, Dr. Brookes suffered from a severe throat trouble. For months he preached when every word he uttered was an effort, and a painful effort. The trouble was the result of severe cold taken while on a journey.

Waiting, on the way, in a junction depot for a late train, he was driven from the room by the oaths of a crowd of alleged men. Tired and worn out, Dr. Brookes fell asleep in the open air, on the prairie sod. A cold resulted, which developed into the throat trouble.

Finally, it reached the stage that the urgent wishes of his physician, that he go to Paris and consult the leading throat specialist of the day, had to be carried out. He arranged for a six months' respite, and was soon in Paris.

The specialist's diagnosis of the case was alarming. "Dr. Brookes," said the learned medico, "you will never be able to speak above a whisper again!"

The state of mind of the young minister can be imagined. He determined to hear the opinions of others before giving up the struggle for the winning back of his voice.

A younger Parisian doctor, but one who was rapidly forging ahead in his calling, was

then seen. He made a thorough examination of the delicate organs, whereas the other had done so cursorily. His verdict was far more hopeful. He pointed out that the muscles of the throat had been sadly over-taxed, when tired. But a rest, with certain exercises, he predicted, would result in a cure.

His "certain exercises" astonished the minister, and more yet the minister's wife. For the physician ordered Dr. Brookes to box regularly with a certain famous prize-fighter, who conducted a gymnasium. A demurrer was entered, naturally.

"Well, then," was the response, "go to some country where you cannot speak the language. There you must climb mountains, and row."

There was no objection offered to that prescription; and soon the tall, athletic young St. Louisan was climbing, rowing and keeping silent in the Swiss tongue, conscientiously, in and about Santa Clair, at the head of Lake Geneva.

The throat muscles were strengthened by the vigorous play of the others. One bright day Dr. Brookes discovered that his voice had returned, and he made the shore of the

lake ring with song (for he was a magnificent singer in his youth.)

The young Parisian specialist had proved himself a true prophet.

RUMORS OF WAR.

Then came the astounding news that "the dogs of war" had been let slip in the United States. Alarming rumors reached that quiet spot on Lake Geneva. At once Dr. Brookes made up his mind to cut short his vacation and take chances as to the completion of the cure of his throat.

"My people are in trouble and I must go home," he said; and "stayed not on the order of his going."

One of the startling reports that reached him, and which was found later to have been true, was that of a riot between citizens and soldiers which occurred at the very church corner, 16th and Walnut street. Glass was broken in the church windows and in those of the parsonage adjoining.

Another—on which Dr. Brookes could have proved an "alibi" of a good many thousand miles had it been necessary—was that "a big, tall man" (Dr. Brookes, thought the mob, knowing not that the Doctor was in Switzer-

land) "was seen firing a gun from the parsonage window"!

As he passed through New York on his way home, he was secured to supply the pulpit of a leading Dutch Reform church. The extent to which he must have pleased his auditors can be imagined from the fact that, the next day, he was politely "sounded" as to whether he would "consider a call."

His answer was an explicit "No." His duty was to get back home to his troubled people at once, he held. That was no time to even think of leaving them, he felt. So that very flattering overture to the young Westerner was cast aside, and no one but his immediate family knew anything about that first step towards a call to a great New York pulpit.

The same thing happened many times afterwards. Pastoral committees from many cities came to St. Louis to "lasso" Dr. Brookes. At one time seven officers of the First Presbyterian Church of Indianapolis, suddenly appeared (among them U. S. Senator, afterwards President, Harrison) on such an errand. But such call proffering committee all received the same answer. No one outside of his own church—and in numerous cases not

even its members—knew anything of those calls, or polite “soundings.”

According to century-end notions of so many ministerial lights, what a sad waste of self advertising material was that!

Troublous Times.

not stir up any unhappy recollections; yet he cannot overlook or slur over "the things which are behind," and at the same time write truthful, coherent accounts. It is obvious that a few succinct facts must be given, "with malice towards none." No man or woman of proper mental poise will be offended thereby.

Before the war, during the war, and ever after the war—from his first sermon to his last—Dr. Brookes held firmly that the affairs of God and the affairs of Cæsar should be unalterably separated.

Therefore, as a pastor, he did not pray for the success of this army or that army; though he prayed always that the war might cease. And whatever might have been the wishes of this church member or that church member, Dr. Brookes went on immovable in the course which his conscience dictated.

He was but a young minister to be at the head of one of the great city Presbyterian churches; and displeasing elderly "pillars of the church," who conscientiously felt that this army or that army should be publicly prayed for, might have meant a serious set-back in his earthly career.

But the young Timothy never wavered. It was a way he had.

CHAPTER VII.

TROUBLOUS TIMES.

THERE were "troubulous times" in St. Louis Presbyterian circles in the sixties. Good men and true differed, and suffered. To hear the personal histories of some men of those days set forth, brings vividly to the mind of the imaginative man or woman of these "piping times o' peace" the thought of the Scottish Covenanters.

No correct record of the life of Dr. Brookes can be made without recalling the part he played in those days. It was Dr. Brookes' firm stand for what he held to be right in the soul-trying time, that opened the way to the sudden forming of the powerful "Sixteenth Street," later known as the Sixteenth and Walnut Street Presbyterian Church; the parent of the grand old Washington and Compton Avenue Church.

On the horns of a dilemma is any recorder of St. Louis Presbyterian history. He would

serted, a member of the Southern Presbyterian Assembly. He was a member, and a leading member, of the Independent Synod of Missouri; a large division of which was eventually absorbed by the Southern Assembly.

When the Northern Assembly seemed to him to set itself right on certain lines of policy which he had vigorously disagreed with—and because of his outspoken disagreement had been cut off from that body—he returned to it. That was the course his conscience and judgment dictated.

The intermingling of the things of God with the things of Cæsar; of Presbyterianism with politics on the part of certain members of the Assembly, had led Dr. Brookes to take the protesting stand just referred to. He was simply consistently carrying out the principles which forced him to tender his resignation, so suddenly, to his first St. Louis congregation.

The writer was not born until after the War. Naturally, he cannot discuss these matters. He simply presents, in the above, and the following paragraphs, carefully-gleaned historical facts. He goes down to bed-rock records, and lets them speak for themselves.

“THE SPRING RESOLUTIONS.”

To such actions as the “Spring Resolu-

tions" of 1861, adopted by the Northern Assembly at Philadelphia, did Dr. Brookes refer; with such, he heartily differed. And when he heartily differed with anybody, or anything, that fact he made known, sometimes forcibly.

One of those resolutions adopted at Philadelphia was:

"Resolved: That this General Assembly, in the spirit of that Christian patriotism which the Scriptures enjoin, and which has always characterized this Church, do hereby acknowledge and declare our obligation, to promote and perpetuate, so far as in us lies, the integrity of these United States, and to strengthen, uphold and encourage the Federal Government in the exercise of all its functions, under our noble Constitution; and to this Constitution, in all its provisions, requirements and principles, we profess our unabated loyalty. And to avoid all misconception, the Assembly declares that by the term Federal Government, as here used, is not meant any particular Administration, or the peculiar opinions of any particular party, but that Central Administration which, being at any time appointed and inaugurated according to the forms prescribed in the Constitution of the United States, is the visible representative of our national existence."

*From that "it will be perceived that a Court of the Lord Jesus undertakes to settle authoritatively, by a single resolution, a great political question which had divided the minds of eminent statesmen, North and South, since the very foundation of the Government.' "

Dr. Charles Hodge and fifty-seven others entered their protest:

"We, the undersigned, respectively protest against the action of the General Assembly * * * because we deny the right of the General Assembly to decide the political question, to what Government the allegiance of Presbyterians, as citizens, is due, and its right to make that decision a condition of membership in our church. That the paper adopted by the Assembly does decide the political question just stated, in our judgment, is undeniable.

"It is, however, a notorious fact, that many of our ministers and members conscientiously believe that the allegiance of the citizens of this country is primarily due to the States to which they respectively belong. * * The paper adopted by the Assembly virtually declares, on the other hand, that the allegiance of citizens is due to the United States,

* "Memoir of Dr. S. G. McPheeters."

anything in the Constitution, ordinances or laws of the several States to the contrary notwithstanding. * * * * It is the allegiance of the Old School Presbyterian Church to the Constitution and the Federal Government which this paper is intended to profess and proclaim. It does, therefore, of necessity, decide the political question which agitates the country. This is a matter clearly beyond the jurisdiction of this house.

* * * * The General Assembly, in thus deciding a political question, and in making that decision practically a condition of membership of the church, has, in our judgment, violated the Constitution of the Church and usurped the prerogative of its Divine Master."

"DECLARATION AND TESTIMONY."

Dr. Brookes was one of the prominent signers of the "Declaration and Testimony," and played an important part in the councils which produced it. This document was drawn up by the Rev. Samuel R. Wilson—who was "neither a Southerner by blood nor a Secessionist by principle," it should be noted. Dr. Wilson's home was in the North, and no one ever doubted his loyalty to the Northern cause.

This document reviewed the entire course

of the political events of the five General Assemblies from 1861 through 1865.

* "A solemn Declaration and Testimony was accordingly drawn up by Rev. Samuel R. Wilson, D. D., against the entire political action of the five Assemblies, from 1861 to 1865, inclusive. This Declaration was numerously signed, particularly in the Synods of Kentucky and Missouri, and was largely circulated through the bounds of the Old School Church of the North. It was also formally adopted by the Presbytery of Louisville, on the 2nd of September, 1865, and became a solemn covenant by which all the signers pledged themselves to each other to use their best endeavors to bring back the church of their fathers to her ancient purity and integrity; and, if finally compelled to withdraw from those who have departed from the truth, to go bearing with them the true Presbyterian Church, with her doctrine, order, worship and freedom, as they have been given her by her Divine Head, and transmitted from generation to generation by the hands of saints, confessors and martyrs.

"As late as 1862 a Presbyterian could quietly dissent from the acts of the Assembly and yet

* "Memoir of Dr. S. G. McPheeters."

be allowed to pursue his ministerial avocations free from interruption and intolerant persecution. He was not required, under penalty of arrest and excommunication, to accept the doctrines of 'freedom and loyalty,' and to lend himself to the execution of ecclesiastical devices which judgment, unbiased by fanatical zeal, could not honestly approve.* *

"These words were uttered in 1862; but in 1865 the aspect of affairs had changed. In the meantime the Assembly had taken wonderful strides. Every minister was now required not only to accept the deliverance, but to co-operate actively in the execution of every doctrinal and ecclesiastical decree. No option remained. One must either go forward with the multitude or else, pausing at the voice of conscience, protest before the world; while the issues of the conflict were confided to that God whose judgments are impartial and whose purposes shall stand." * *

"If history, therefore, at this point, is properly considered, it will be clearly perceived that neither the author of the Declaration and Testimony, nor those who sympathized with his views were peace-breakers or schismatics; but, impelled by the irresistible logic of conscience, they sought not simply, to 'render

unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, but also unto God the things which are God's.'"

SESSIONAL RECORDS.

Next in order, without endeavoring to recall all the records of local Presbyterian and Synodical debates which centered on Dr. Brookes and his church, the most important sessional acts naturally follow.

The subjoined paper, unanimously adopted by the session of Dr. Brookes' church on July 10, 1874, sets forth clearly the attitude of the pastor on some of the grave questions of those days of reconstruction—in Presbyterian as well as in National existence.

It should be noted, in passing, that some of the honored laymen who subscribed to this paper did so most unselfishly. Some of them had offered their very lives to the cause of the Southern Confederacy. Yet, because they believed it was for the "greatest good to the greatest number" of their beloved Church, and especially because Dr. Brookes led the way, they cheerfully signed a statement which practically cut them (ecclesiastically) aloof from many dear friends in the South.

All honor to those laymen who put the good of their Church and pastor above their natural inclinations.

This is the statement:

“The Session, having fervently sought the guidance of Divine Wisdom, cannot see the way opened at present to represent this church in a Presbytery connected with either the Northern or Southern General Assembly. Our conviction is very clear that duty to the entire number of brethren over whom the Holy Ghost has made us overseers, requires us to remain practically independent until the Lord shall more distinctly indicate to us His will concerning our future ecclesiastical relations.

“We stand, therefore, precisely where we stood previous to the action of the Old School Synod of Missouri in October 1873, determined to know neither North nor South in the Church of God; refusing to consult our natural inclinations in seeking to promote the interests of His Kingdom; and anxious to avoid even the appearance of being controlled by political prejudices or sectional sympathies in our association with other Christians.

“We furthermore declare that the recent unanimous action of the Northern General Assembly, in frankly and fully accepting and adopting the principles for which we have testified and suffered during the past eight years,

ought to be and shall be the end of our controversy with that body; and we hereby express our desire to co-operate with all in the Synod of Missouri and in the Southern Assembly who are disposed to meet this action in a fraternal spirit, and are ready to receive it as the removal of any barrier to the closest brotherly intercourse with those from whom we have been separated; and forgetting the things that are behind, are willing to unite with faithful witnesses for the truth throughout the entire Presbyterian family, in earnestly contending for the Faith once delivered to the Saints.

"Meanwhile we give to every one from any part of the country or of the world, who may choose to worship with us, assurance of a sincere welcome and of free participation with us in the joy of fellowship with our common Lord."

THE ASSEMBLY OF 1867.

Rev. Dr. Thomas Fullerton, of Cincinnati, a college classmate of Dr. Brookes', whose kindly interest in this work has been most valuable, has sent these personal recollections of the General Assembly of 1867. It is pleasant to have such exact, unbiased records:

"I saw much of Dr. Brookes during the General Assembly of 1867," writes Dr. Fuller-

ton. "He had been one of the signers of the 'Declaration and Testimony' against certain coercive acts and orders of the Assembly of 1865. He came to Cincinnati in obedience to a call to give account of himself.

"He was not in a meek frame of mind. All of his thundering and lightning was ready to leap. Two or three of us—his classmates—undertook to quiet him. We kept him away from his excited set as much as we could. We saw that he met, socially, representative men on the other side. Personal contact with those from whom he differed in opinion almost always made him gentle. He was too human to resist the appeal of another human heart.

"I had no faith in the policy to which the General Assembly committed itself in the awful storm of passion which swept the land after the death of Lincoln. I had no faith in the logic by which it was argued that the Assembly could summarily try and cut off ministers without the intervention of the Presbytery. But I thought that the Gurley resolution might be regarded as being proceedings of the nature of what is called in courts 'citation for contempt'; and that when viewed in that light they were constitutional. I wrote an explanatory resolution expressing this idea, and

showed it to Dr. Gurley. He said that the theory on which he had framed his resolution was precisely that which I held. But he asked me not to introduce my paper, as 'the Assembly was not composed of men accustomed to legal forms and distinctions, and trouble might arise.'

"I yielded reluctantly. But I told Brookes what my idea was. He caught at it as a great relief. He was ready to 'purge himself of contempt,' forthwith. He was aware that much of the language used in the 'Declaration and Testimony' was 'unnecessarily severe and not respectful in tone.'

"He gave our friend Dr. Gurley, and myself, a full account of that remarkable document—a history rich in drollery, as it was full of his own characteristics, and those of other men who had been concerned in the movement.

"The next day he seemed tired. He told us that he had been awake most of the night 'getting up another speech.' He had dismissed his indignation, and meant to say the things which would make peace.

"He kept his word. People who heard him wondered if this was the lion who was to roar and rend things.

“Then he bade us good-bye. ‘I am going home. I shall not enter the Southern Church. I love you fellows too well. But there are men who have stood with me in this fight, who are not ready to come back as I am, this very day. I shall try to hold them steady, and some time we shall all be together again.’ Other things he said, too tender and sacred to write.

“I have seen Brookes only three times since. The last time was four years ago. I met him on a railway train, and we rode together from Asbury Park to Philadelphia. It was a blessed hour. He was just the same old fellow that he was at Oxford, the same that he is always to me in recollection, the same that I shall find him, one day, soon.

“Massive brain! Big heart! Majestic presence! Great believer, helper, man of God! The life has been worth living that has given to me such a friend to be my friend forever, through Jesus Christ our Lord.”

In the Assembly which met in St. Louis in 1874, Dr. Brookes was pressed to cast his lot in with the Northern branch—he feeling, as has been set forth, that the body had practi-

cally acknowledged that he had been right. He was again joyfully received as a member. Yet he ever had the warmest feelings for, and enjoyed the respect of, his brethren of the South.

**The 16th and Walnut Street
Church.**

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SIXTEENTH AND WALNUT STREET CHURCH.

WITHIN one week occurred the resignation of Dr. Brookes from the Second Presbyterian Church, and the preaching of his first sermon in his new St. Louis charge "The Sixteenth Street Presbyterian Church."

This body was organized on Monday evening, July 4, 1864, by a committee of the St. Louis Presbytery, consisting of Joseph F. Fenton and James A. Paige, ministers, and Wyllys King, ruling elder. One other elder, selected, was not present.

The original membership of the colony which urged Dr. Brookes to become its spiritual guide at the time he resigned his charge at the Second Presbyterian Church, was 149. These had all been members of the Second Church, and they sought out Dr. Brookes. He did not turn over his hand, nor utter a

single word to induce them to come out. It had been his intention to shake the dust of St. Louis from his feet at the time of that resignation, but these friends earnestly plead with him to remain.

And there was another argument when it was clear to him that these members would not be happy in their church environment of that time, owing to the peculiar circumstances of the day. This argument was the desire of Dr. Brookes always for planting and nourishing church colonies. Here was just such an opportunity forced upon him by peculiar exigencies of the times. He accepted the chance, and the history of his long and remarkable pastorate over his self-made St. Louis church began.

Only the angels can give record of its spiritual harvests. The world knew of it as one of the leading Presbyterian churches of any land or clime.

NEW CHURCH WORK BEGINS.

The ruling elders chosen on that memorable Fourth of July for the new church were: E. Anson More, William S. Woods, Samuel W. Barber, Luther T. Woods, James L. Sloss and William C. Bean. On July 6th, following, these were selected as deacons:

Samuel Murdock, George P. Roberts, Joseph B. Fenby and James R. Lake.

These having been properly organized as a church, the formal call to a pastor was extended. To quote the sessional records:

“Unanimous call was extended to Rev. James H. Brookes, who at the time was preaching at the Second Presbyterian Church of St. Louis, which he had been serving in pastoral labors for about six and a-half years.”

On Wednesday evening, July 6th, 1864, the pastor-elect preached his initial sermon, in the lecture room of the new church's home, at Sixteenth and Walnut street, from the text found in Psalm cxxvii: 1, “Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it.”

After this stirring sermon, the trustees were elected. These were: Edward Bredell, Robert Campbell, John B. S. Lemoine, Charles Gibson and William H. Matthews.

On the following Sabbath evening, July 10th, after the service, the deacons were “solemnly set apart and ordained.” On Monday, August 8th, eighteen new letters applying for membership were received by the Session. And from that time on, at every communion service, there were additions by letter and examination.

There was absolutely no proselyting among the membership of other churches, by Dr. Brookes. From the beginning of his long ministry to the end, Dr. Brookes despised that type of so-called "pastoral" work. He once told his people that he would rather be "a dog and bay the moon," than do it.

The members of other churches often came to hear him, Sunday after Sunday; but it was his rule that not until they rented pews and handed in their letters did they receive calls from the young pastor whose earnestness and eloquence had led them to his doors. He was even too backward in this matter, some of his lay officers felt; but he so preferred to be.

From this time on there was a steady and remarkable growth in the membership in the Sixteenth and Walnut Street Church. The young elders worked hand-in-hand with their zealous young captain. In the Sessional records is to be seen, often, such a sentence as this, quoted from the record of the gathering in the pastor's study, Monday evening, October 24, 1864: "The Moderator reported 70 visits, Elder W. S. Woods, 15; Sloss, 26; Bean, 33; Barber, 27."

On October 6, 1864, Elders S. A. More and W. S. Woods were appointed delegates

to the meeting of St. Louis Presbytery, held on the 10th of that month, and were authorized to secure the deed of the church property from those members of the Second Presbyterian Church in whose names it stood. The church at Sixteenth and Walnut street, it should be recalled, was built for a colony of that body. It was Dr. Brookes' expressed plan, as has been shown, at the very beginning of his St. Louis ministry, to build up such a colony.

A MISSIONARY CHURCH.

A feature of the work of the Sixteenth and Walnut Street Church was its successful Sunday-school effort. It would cheer the heart of the modern city Sunday-school superintendent to see the hundreds of children which used to flock to this church on the first day of the week.

There was a large morning school, and another great gathering, presided over by Mr. Shepherd Woods, in the afternoon. The former was especially the school for the children of the church, while the latter was more of a mission school.

There were also, as always in the history of Dr. Brookes' pastorate, outposts established in various sections of the city. At those points

faithful workers, young and old, conducted mission Sunday-schools.

The ladies' societies were strong and active. Interest in missions was always noticeable, and this church had the honor of furnishing the first president of the noble Woman's Southwest Board of Missions. That position was held by its incumbent for twelve consecutive years.

It is interesting to recall a typical "annual report" of this church. That of February 7, 1877, for the preceding year was:

"Number of members January 1, 1876, 803.

"Received by profession, 77; by letter, 50. Lost by dismission to other churches, 29; by death, 13. Membership, January 1, 1878, 888.

"Baptisms, adults, 7; infants, 15.

"Visits, by the pastor, 600; by the session, 600."

WESTWARD HO!

The church at 16th and Walnut street gradually became hemmed about by factories and stores. Many of the membership had moved westward, and it was believed that the church should follow them, for the best good of the greatest number of its communicants.

The minutes, under the date of December 28, 1876, tell the tale:

“Resolved: That we, the members of this church, now commonly called the Walnut Street Presbyterian Church, do hereby authorize * * the trustees in whom the legal title to the lot and church building is vested, to-wit, by a certain deed from Carlos S. Greeley and Edward Bredell to Robert Campbell, Charles Gibson, Edward Bredell and John B. S. Lemoine, dated July, 1864, to take steps to sell said lot and church building at the best prices and on the best terms they can in their judgment obtain, and to hold the proceeds of said sale, subject to further orders of the members of this Church, for the purpose of aiding in the erection of a church building on a lot of ground situated at the southwest corner of Washington and Compton avenues.”

A secondary reason for the removal to the West End should be recalled. It was the sending out of a colony of about seventy-five members to form the now strong Lafayette Park Presbyterian Church.

Dr. Brookes is largely responsible for that church, which is so firmly rooted under Dr. S. C. Palmer's lead, that not even the memor-

able tornado of May 27th, 1896, could scatter it.

Dr. Brookes felt that there should be a strong Presbyterian Church on the South Side, and told his people so. Several churches had been started in that section, but none were able to obtain a good foothold. Again the desire to plant colonies showed itself in the acts of the pastor of this church. He practically formed a strong colony by inducing some of his most important lay helpers to join in it; and then turned its face southward.

The following sessional record is of interest in this connection:

"Monday evening, April 15, 1878.

"Session met at the pastor's residence and was constituted by prayer. Present, J. H. Brookes, Moderator, and Elders Butler, Sloss, Wood, Woods, Lemoine and Barber.

"The clerk reported having issued the following letters of dismissal to members of this church intending to unite with others in the organization of a new church, to be called the Lafayette Park Presbyterian Church, to-wit:

"D. C. Jaccard, Edward Bredell, William Burg, Given Campbell, Dr. Wm. A. McCandless, Henry M. Noel, Thomas G. Russel, Dr. Robert C. Atkinson, Louis Matthews," and others.

The Washington and Comp-
ton Avenue Church.





The Washington and Compton Avenue Church.

CHAPTER IX.

THE WASHINGTON AND COMPTON AVENUE CHURCH.

THE LAST sermon Dr. Brookes preached at the Sixteenth and Walnut Street Church was on April 27, 1879. On May 4th, of the same year, he delivered his first sermon in the lecture room of the Washington and Compton Avenue Church.

The first service in the church, as it is to-day, was held on December 5, 1880.

Steadily the work advanced. Dr. Brookes was in his prime, and his fame as a preacher, a scholar, and an author, was world-wide.

The great auditorium was filled with listeners every Sunday. Practically all the pews on the main floor of the vast room were rented, and some of those in the gallery as well.

ITS MANY-SIDED WORK.

The Washington and Compton Avenue

Church has always been a *giving* church, pre-eminently. The ladies of the church alone, one year, gave to missions \$3,500. The morning Sunday-school, a few years ago, took up the largest single collection to missions of any Presbyterian Sunday-school in the United States that year.

Systematic giving has always been inculcated from the pulpit.

The work of the Washington and Compton Avenue Church, too, has always been many-sided, and all have been blessed.

The women of the church, from the first, were active in behalf of home and foreign missions, and also gave liberally of time and money in the interest of the "heathen" in St. Louis, so to speak. The pastor's wife proved herself to be a splendid executive head in their various societies.

The ladies labored for the quondam Presbyterian Home (now merged in Mrs. Roger Haynes' great work of faith, the Bethesda Homes.) They assumed also a remaining part of the church's debt, and refitted and refurnished the lecture-room. Their missionary society, and working band, have been models in many respects. Their large gifts have been referred to. Much of the money came from

those who had to plan in order to give so generously. Missionaries are supported in the foreign fields, and great boxes go yearly to help out the meagre salaries of Home Missionary laborers on the frontier posts. Boxes go, also, to foreign lands. Gifts to the various Boards of the church are encouraged through the Deacons' Fund.

Mission Sunday-schools have always been a marked feature in the work of this church. Among these is a chapel for colored Presbyterians, a work in which Mr. W. L. Green, Jr., has long been especially interested.

The roster of the church's officers to-day—some of whom were in similar offices when the joint history of Dr. Brookes and the Washington and Compton Avenue Church began to be—is as follows:

Elders Samuel W. Barber, William T. Barron, F. L. V. Brokaw, Wallace C. Butler, William L. Green, Jr., Edwin S. Lemoine, Edgar McClelland.

S. W. Barber is the Clerk of the Session.

The Deacons are: James M. Carpenter, Dabner Carr, Arthur A. Eddy, Ben F. Edwards, James E. Fogg, James I. McClelland, Ewing M. Sloan and Geo. J. Whitehead.

The personnel of the Board of Trustees;

Elmer B. Adams, James M. Carpenter, William T. Barron, John D. Davis and Geo. D. Markham.

These gentlemen all have the best interests of the church deep at heart. During the past year some of them have spent generously of money, and their equally marketable time—stolen from their business—for the church's good. They stand, to-day, united in its service.

*A STUDY OF THE MINUTES.

To many the reading of the church minutes is an unheard of proceeding. They hold that no one can read them and keep awake.

But there are records in the minutes of this church which are of intense interest to the lovers of Dr. Brookes' memory, and the great church he led.

For such, there are here reproduced carefully-gleaned extracts—"lest we forget." These will touch, here and there, on events which many will recall with interest.

Those who care little or nothing for "the things which are behind" in the history of the Washington and Compton Avenue Church

*This entire chapter, it may be frankly stated, is intended, practically, only for the eyes of the membership of the Washington and Compton Avenue Presbyterian Church, St. Louis. *Minutiae* is set forth here which, naturally, the general reader may not be greatly interested in.

D. R. W.

are respectfully urged to begin to "skip," right here and now, in this chapter.

A study of the minutes of the church gives evidence of a steady accession of new members.

Faithful search has not shown a single communion Sunday, in Dr. Brookes' active pastorate, when there were no additions to the membership, by examination or letter, (generally both.)

Fearing that their hard-working pastor would break down, the church kindly took the following action, as quoted from the minutes of February 8, 1884. Sincere testimony is borne to his zeal and faithfulness.

"St. Louis, February 8, 1884.

"WHEREAS, It is evident that our pastor's health has not been re-established during the past winter, and that his present physical condition is such that it is desirable that he should soon have entire rest from obligatory labor, and that he should even now be saved from all labor external to this church, and that in order to his relief a supply should be provided for the pulpit, to commence his service as soon as may be agreeable to our pastor, and to continue for such period as may be necessary to

enable him, with the blessing of God, through complete rest from labor, to recover his health and resume his duties as pastor of this church, with the prospect of maintaining such confirmed health for many years;

"And, whereas, our beloved pastor has given the flower of his life and the best of his energies and ability to the service of this church, and has never spared himself, but with unswerving fidelity has ever sought to promote its highest interests, it is our earnest wish and desire to do whatever may be in our power to bring about the restoration of his health."

At this time Dr. Brookes was in a serious state, through insomnia. A trip to Europe was taken, from which the pastor returned greatly refreshed, and strengthened for his work.

A previous record (of November 5, 1882,) recalls the life, good works and peaceful death of an elder very dear to Dr. Brookes, James L. Sloss. The two had been most intimate. It is quoted:

"The following minutes on the death of Elder James L. Sloss, were adopted and ordered to be recorded:

"On the 17th day of August, 1882, James L. Sloss was absent from the body and pres-

ent with the Lord. He was elected a ruling elder of this church at the date of its organization, July 4, 1864; and for a period of more than eighteen years he conscientiously and wisely discharged the duties of the important office to which he was chosen by his brethren.

“During the whole of that period he was also the superintendent of the Sunday-school, or the teacher of a Bible class, and through the last few years of his mortal life he was president of the Board of Trustees. In all of these positions he was singularly faithful to his trust, and never, unless absent from the city, or confined to his home by sickness, was his place vacant in any appointed meeting of the church. Often, indeed, in declining health, when it seemed rash to expose himself to inclement weather, he insisted on the privilege of attending the regular services of the sanctuary.

“It is not, therefore, an empty form of expression, when the session record their deep sense of personal bereavement, and of the great loss sustained by the church in the departure of their beloved brother.”

Here are two typical “Reports to Presbytery,” selected at random.

"Report to Presbytery, April 17, 1882.
(For the year ending March 31, 1882.)

"Number of Elders, 5; number of
Deacons, 11.

"Added on examination, 35; added on
certificate, 51.

Total communicants, 588.

"Baptized, adults, 9; baptized, infants, 25.

"Sunday-school membership, 830.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

Home Missions.....	\$2,065 00
Foreign Missions.....	733 00
Publication.....	89 00
Ministerial Relief.....	100 00
General Assembly.....	66 50
Congregational.....	10,799 00
Miscellaneous.....	3,152 00

"Report to Presbytery. (For year ending
March 31, 1885.)

"Number of Elders, 5; number of Dea-
cons, 9.

"Added on examination, 28; added on
certificate, 17.

"Total communicants, 664.

"Baptized, adults, 5; infants, 12.

"Sunday-school membership, 1,116.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

Home Missions.....	\$1,902 00
Foreign "	820 00
Church Erection.....	690 00
Congregational	9,980 00
Miscellaneous.....	5,863 00
Relief Fund.....	256 00
General Assembly.....	76 44

In November, 1885, the need of additional elders and deacons was felt, and on November 25th the following were chosen to assist in the management of the great church:

William T. Barron, Dr. W. L. Brokaw and James B. Sharpe.

New deacons were elected by the congregation two evenings later, but of those, only two, Benjamin F. Edwards and George J. Whitehead have been serving of late.

THE FUTURE.

And before the church, spreads the future.

Dr. Brookes' mantle has fallen on Dr. Frank W. Sneed's broad shoulders.

This young pastor has left a noble record behind at Columbia, Mo., and Minneapolis. That past is an earnest of his future usefulness.

His reverence for the whole Bible, and for the Premillennial hope which Dr. Brookes

championed, is strong. He has proven himself, already, a man who shuns no hard work, and who has able executive ability. He is possessed, too, of winning graces of mind and body; and knows how to make those useful people—friends.

His sermons are doctrinal, strong and forcibly delivered.


His fund of sound sense is refreshingly large.

The church has every reason to take courage and press on, shoulder to shoulder, as their late beloved pastor would tenderly urge them to do were he alive to-day.

The Preacher and Pastor.

CHAPTER X.

THE PREACHER AND PASTOR.

R. BROOKES entered the ministry because, as he often said, in the language of Scripture: "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel." There was no youthful cant in James Brookes, the boy. He had not the slightest desire to become a minister then. That has been pointed out. He had hoped to be a soldier, and it took all his beloved mother's eloquent arguments to keep him out of West Point, when the doors there swung outward to him.

Only after a long struggle did he feel that the call to preach had been heard clearly and very loudly; and right here it is fitting to say that Dr. Brookes often questioned whether all young men who entered the ministry searched their very souls enough in ascertaining whether the "calls" were really heard by them; whether they did not, in fact, sometimes strain their ears for them.

Brookes went into that highest calling as he would have gone into West Point. He prepared to fight, and to stand fast forever against any one, or every one if necessary, for what he held to be true.

As a minister he was often the same iconoclast that had caused the shaking of numerous heads at the seminary. There was no ministerial livery on his person, no intonation in his utterances. He demanded respect for himself, not because his was a sacred calling. He asked "no benefit of clergy."

OPPOSED TO THE PULPIT POLITICIAN.

Early he showed by a remarkable pulpit utterance that his convictions as to the pulpit politician were deep and real. Later, during the trying days of the early 60's, he was simply carrying to a logical conclusion those same convictions.

In a lecture on the "Life of Dr. Nettleton," delivered at Dayton in 1856, concerning that famous preacher of a day that is gone, he pointedly said:

"He did not then present to the world, as is the case in all portions of our country, the sad and shocking spectacle of the sacred pulpit turned into a political rostrum, from which savage denunciations and fierce harangues are

uttered to stir up strife, and lead men's thoughts away from the contemplation of heavenly and Divine themes. He felt that the Bible presented subjects enough to occupy his time and challenge the mightiest efforts of his intellect, and that the one business of ministers as ministers is simply to present the message of God to a perishing world.

"He saw, as doubtless you have seen, as certainly I have seen, that when preachers lose the spirit of their station and descend to dabble in the mud-pool of politics, they invariably get dirtier than any other men.

"They are more furious in their utterances, more relentless in their severity, more uncompromising in their prejudices.

"He had his own opinions on all proper occasions, and at all proper times, no doubt, he freely avowed them; but he protested, as all good men should, against devoting God's day and God's house, and God's desk, to any other purpose than the mission which we are sent to accomplish."

A NATURAL ORATOR.

From his earliest pulpit experiences, Dr. Brookes was a natural orator.

He was tall and of an exceptionally handsome and commanding presence. His voice

was clear and strong. His gestures, never studied, gave, naturally, force and emphasis to his utterances. He was the very embodied antithesis of pulpit affectation of any sort or condition. And he never preached a sermon without impressing his hearers, at once, with a deep sense of his tremendous earnestness and sincerity.

While in the earlier years of his ministry it was his habit to write out in entirety his sermons (a custom he gave up many years ago), yet he never read them in the pulpit.

His memory was marvelous. He was famed for his absolute command of the language of the Scriptures, and his sermons abounded in copious quotations. Yet in his earliest ministry he was not the strictly Biblical preacher that he soon became; that is to say, he quoted also the science and literature of the day.

But soon, while still keeping fully abreast of science and literature, he ceased to quote such works in his sermons, and drew his auditors' thoughts only to the Book of Books.

He actually struggled, too, against his natural bent as an orator. He held himself under; it was his wish to do nothing, to say nothing, that could in the slightest degree de-

tract from the plain, strong, Gospel message.

As to his splendid oratorical gifts, the following anecdote is apropos. A certain man of intelligence and taste, though not a Christian, frequently heard Dr. Brookes preach. This man was a constant attendant at the theaters of St. Louis, and was considered an eminent critic.

One Sunday, at the close of one of Dr. Brookes' sermons, he thoughtfully said, referring to the greatest American tragedian: "In that man Brookes the stage has lost a Booth."

There are those who may have supposed that Dr. Brookes, in late days, did not stoop—so to speak—to read the current literature of his day; because, forsooth, his pulpit utterances were not tinged with references to such works, as is so general in modern sermonizing.

But that was a great mistake. He did read them; he was a wonderful reader, with a wonderful memory for what he read; but he did not "stoop" to quote "such stuff," (as he would dub it) in his sermons.

Many of his most wonderful sermons are contained in a few notes in the margin of one of his many marked Bibles. Generally, per-

haps always, of later years, the sermons fell into seven heads,—the sacred number of the Scriptures.

These sermons were first of all Scriptural, logical, constructed in lucid English, carefully planned, abounding in striking illustrations; smiting and sparing not the sinner, but at the same time urging him to cease from sin; full of fire, and frequently enlivened by a delicious bit of humor.

But it is needless, and also futile, to discuss Dr. Brookes' preaching. No written words can describe it adequately.

Those who heard him preach know,—and can never forget. It cannot be explained to others now.

He was in the class of the Great Preachers of the World. Even those who criticised him, in and out of the ministry admit that. (Being a great man he had, as a matter of course, a great man's enemies and fault-finders.)

THE PASTOR.

As a young pastor he was most popular with all classes.

He was of a marked social disposition. In his earlier years, and in middle age, before ill health came upon him, he was fond of mak-

ing "pastoral calls." It was not done from any sense of duty, and he never forgot that such were pastoral calls. They were used as occasions for sowing seeds that resulted in soul-winning.

His many-sided experiences among men, and his utter freedom from clerical habiliments and formalities, opened the way for him to many young men's hearts. He loved to hear and tell of comical events. His sense of humor was strongly developed.

That gift of being "good company" (in the true sense of that expression) to all sorts and condition of men—though always in a dignified manner—was a marked feature in the pastoral work of Dr. Brookes. He was what modern politicians would call a "good mixer" among men.

One of the stories handed down in his family was a palpable hit against the anti-clerical clothes he wore when a young man; from heedlessness, not from any design.

At a hotel he was once approached by a professional gambler, who knowingly invited the tall, handsome young stranger of somewhat dashing—and anything but clerical—appearance, to join him in a joint raid upon the pocket-books of other guests.

The "black-leg" actually took Dr. Brookes to be a fellow gambler!

When a young pastor in St. Louis, after leaving the Second Church, he was surrounded by a number of young elders and deacons, among whom he was an earnest, helpful brother. The relation between pastor and lay officers was an ideal one. They met together for counsel as members of a family might. And when the formalities were finished the session meeting partook of the nature of a happy reunion.

On one memorable occasion there were so many good stories to be told that there were a number of distracted wives, who sat up wondering and waiting till the "wee sma' hours."

As years were added, and ill health, with accompanying depression of spirits, came, the pastoral duties could not so frequently be attended to. Yet to the last Dr. Brookes was a "home-going pastor," who made "a church-going people." Hundreds of visits were made by him even during his last years.

It was at times when death entered the home of one of his dear people that he was at his best as a loving shepherd of his flock.

His power to comfort bruised hearts was

God-given. Hundreds testify to this. Many who were led to accept Christ through him had the way opened by the tenderness and helpfulness of his ministrations at the death-bed of those near and dear.

He had suffered as no pen can describe, in the deaths of his two beautiful daughters. Having supped the cup of woe to its dregs, he could truly "weep with those who wept."



“How I Became a Pre-Mil-
lennialist.”

gether, or one by one, hear the sentence that must fix their eternal destiny.

"Apart from this no sermon had ever been preached in my hearing about the coming of the Lord. No allusion was ever made to it in the course of my imperfect theological training. No book concerning it had ever been read. In my boyhood people had heard, even in the distant and obscure part of the South where my mother lived, that Mr. Miller, of New England, had fixed upon the day of Christ's appearing, and it caused considerable excitement. But the day passed without any unusual occurrence; and those who looked for His coming were regarded as cranks, if not actually crazy.

"The 'Theological and Literary Journal,' edited by Mr. D. N. Lord, of New York, was taken, but his articles on Eschatology were skipped in reading. In fact, the entire theme was utterly distasteful to me, and even offensive. My eyes were closed and my heart sealed to the plain testimonies of God's Word; and the plain references to the second coming were either passed over, or at least they made no impression whatever.

"At last a morning came when it was necessary to read the book of Revelation in

family worship. It has always been my habit to assemble the members of my household immediately after breakfast for reading the Scripture and prayer, each one reading a verse in turn. On that particular morning, discovering that the book of Revelation was before us, some other place in the Bible was found; and when the family went out of the study the question was put to my conscience and heart. Why did you omit the last book God has given us?

"The reply made to myself was. Because I do not understand it. The book is so full of strange beasts and mysterious symbols, it does me no good. But did God make a mistake in putting that book into the canon of sacred Scripture? That it had a right there was as clear as the inspiration of John's gospel or the Epistle to the Romans; and after all might it not be my fault that it was so meaningless?

"Convicted and condemned at the bar of my own conscience, I opened the book and read it through at a single sitting. My mind was engaged and interested in an unusual degree; and my attention was arrested by a statement in the very beginning, 'Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this prophecy, and keep those things which are

written therein.' (Rev. i. 3). It struck me that the Holy Ghost had said nothing about understanding it, but, 'Blessed is he that readeth.'

"Enough was known about the prophecies in general to remember that the book of Daniel and the book of Revelation bear a close resemblance to each other; and so the former book was read with intense interest, and then the latter book again, at one time; and in an hour or two it was seen that in Daniel the Spirit of God explains some of the symbols, as the great image of Nebuchadnezzar and the four wild beasts, representing the four mighty world powers. This gave a little light upon my pathway through the book of Revelation.

"Then it occurred to me to commence with the Old Testament prophets and the whole of the New Testament, with a lead pencil in my hand, marking every passage and verse that bears upon the future of the church and the world. That there were many other prophecies before reaching the book of Isaiah was unknown to me in my ignorance; but the four greater prophets and the twelve minor prophets, together with the entire New Testament, were carefully and prayerfully perused. Probably a month passed in the investigation,

and not a single human book nor comment, nor exposition of any sort, was touched.

"Having gathered up the marked passages and brought them together, three conclusions were definitely reached. First, Jesus Christ is coming back to this world as truly, bodily, visibly, personally as that He was born in Bethlehem of Judea. Second, things shall not always remain as they are now, but 'nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more' (Isa. ii. 4); 'The wolf shall dwell with the lamb and the leopard shall lie down with the kid' (Isa. xi. 6), 'The inhabitants shall not say, I am sick; the people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity' (Isa. xxxiii. 24); 'The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea' (Hab. ii:14). Third, this glorious change shall not precede, but succeed that glorious coming.

"This was many years ago, and the conclusions then reached have been deepened by every day's study of the Word of God, and by the actual condition then and now of the church and the world. It has made me a lonely man, but it has been an unspeakable blessing to my soul, especially in times of sore affliction and discouragement. It has uproot-

ed selfish ambition and a desire for human applause, and caused me to aim at least in bearing true testimony for our now rejected Lord, with a longing to be well pleasing to Him at His coming. Especially does 'that blessed hope' throw a gleam of glory upon the graves of my beloved dead. It frets me no longer because many of my dear brethren can not see this precious truth, which shines like the sun at noonday from the Word of God, and which is a veritable key to unlock the meaning of the Scriptures. John the Baptist was a faithful witness when he said, 'a man can receive nothing except it be given him from heaven' (Jno. iii. 27). God forbid that a poor sinner should judge them, for to their own Master they stand or fall."

The last article Dr. Brookes ever wrote on this subject, so dear to him, appeared in the May (1897) number of *THE TRUTH*. It was finished but a few weeks before his death.

It clearly sets forth his views, and should settle all doubts as to any mistaken statements that he had changed his fixed principles as to the Rapture of the Saints previous to the great Tribulation, (see italics in following quotation), or any other phase of the subject. The article is:

“WHO SHALL BE CAUGHT UP?

“This question is distinctly answered by the testimony of the Holy Ghost. ‘This we say unto you by the word of the Lord’—not the word of Peter, or James, or John—‘that we which are alive, and remain unto the coming of the Lord, shall not prevent’—precede or go before—‘them which are asleep. For the Lord Himself—not death, nor the Holy Spirit, nor any providential event—‘shall descend from Heaven with a shout, with the voice of an archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain, shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord,’ 1 Thess. iv. 15, 17.

“There are many beloved brethren who think that only pre-millennialists shall be caught up, claiming that the promise is ‘unto all them that love His appearing,’ 2 Tim. iv. 8; ‘unto them that look for Him,’ Heb. ix. 28. But there are tens of thousands, now sleeping in the grave, who were, beyond all doubt, earnest and faithful Christians in life, and yet they never heard of our Lord’s personal return, or at least never grasped its meaning. They surely are in Christ; and ‘the dead in Christ

shall rise first.' If they come forth from the slumber of the tomb, whether they were pre- or post-millennialists, it is certain that there can be no partial rapture.

" 'Every man in his own order,' band or cohort; 'Christ the first fruits; afterward they that are Christ's, at His command,' 1 Cor. xv. 23. If they are Christ's by faith in Him as their Lord and Redeemer, they shall be His at His coming, even though they have not looked forward to His advent with hope and joy. 'Behold, I show you a mystery: we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed,' 1 Cor. xv. 51, 52. Here there is obviously no difference between those living and those sleeping, when the Lord comes again. Whether changed or raised, they all share alike in the glory of His second advent.

" 'Our enrollment as citizens is in heaven; from whence also we look for the Savior, the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall change the body of our humiliation, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body, according to the working whereby He is able to even subdue

all things unto Himself,' Phil iii. 20, 21. It is evident that all believers are here included, without reference to their attainments in knowledge, and all will have part in the resurrection, and in the splendid transformation that shall then be experienced.

"But the thought that only pre-millennialists are caught up to meet the Lord in the air, plainly implies some superior merit on their part, either of acquaintance with the truth, or faithfulness in conduct. Thus a self-complacent and self-righteous spirit is unconsciously fostered, which is in every way most injurious. There are many who believe in Christ's pre-millennial coming as a doctrine, and yet are living far from Him practically; sometimes, at least, being surpassed in their devotedness by post-millennialists—who know nothing, or care nothing, for the truth concerning His second advent.

"So there are all degrees of faithfulness, from those who have scarcely more than a 'name to live,' to those who are consecrated, loving, obedient children of God. What measure of faithfulness must be achieved in order to entitle us to look for the reward of being caught up at the Lord's return? Alas! any who have a proper estimate of themselves will

be the last to boast of meriting reward, and will gladly attribute all they are, all that they have, all that they hope to be, and shall have forever, to free, sovereign, unmerited grace. They are ready to listen to the rebuke of the Holy Ghost: 'Who maketh thee to differ? and what hast thou that thou didst not receive? Now if thou didst receive it, why dost thou glory, as if thou didst not receive it?' 1 Cor. iv. 7.

"There is another fact to be considered in pondering this question, and that is the unity of the church. 'For as the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of that one body, being many, are one body; so also is the Christ. For by one Spirit are we all baptized into one body,' 1 Cor. xii. 11, 12. 'The church, which is His body, the fullness of Him that filleth all in all,' Eph. i. 23. It does not seem according to Scripture that our Lord would have one part of His body asleep in the grave, and another part raised in glory; one part amid the entanglements of the great tribulation on the earth, and another part caught up to meet Him in the air. Hence it is impossible to sympathize with many dear brethren in their view of a partial rapture.

"It is equally impossible to accept the teaching of

many other excellent brethren, that the church, the real church, the regenerated ones, those washed in the blood of the Lamb, and the children of God by faith in Jesus Christ, must pass through the great tribulation, or that there is no perceptible difference between the coming the Lord for His saints, and His appearing with them. There will doubtless be a vast multitude calling themselves Christians, over whom the tribulation judgments will roll; but to the true believer the promise of the coming Lord is addressed with sweet assurance, 'Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I also will keep thee out of the hour of temptation which will come upon all the world, to try them that dwell upon the earth,' Rev. iii. 10.

"These brethren are in the habit of quoting such passages as, 'This gospel of the Kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness to all nations,' and 'After a long time the Lord of those servants cometh, and reckoneth with them,' Matt. xxiv. 14; xxv. 19; but it is difficult to see the bearing of the texts upon the tribulation. The Holy Spirit certifies in many places that when the Lord Jesus Christ finally appears in manifested majesty, all the saints will appear with Him, Zech. xiv. 5; 1 Thess. iii. 13; Jude 14, etc. There must

be, therefore, an interval longer or shorter between His coming *for* His people, and His coming *with* them.

“Besides, it cannot be denied that He said again and again to His disciples, ‘Watch, therefore; for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come,’ Matt. xxiv. 42; ‘What I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch,’ Mark xiii. 37; ‘Blessed are those servants whom the Lord, when He cometh, shall find watching,’ Luke. xii. 37; ‘If I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also,’ John xiv. 3; ‘Surely I come quickly,’ Rev. xxii. 20. There is not an intimation that we are to expect any other event to precede and signal His advent, but to keep our eye intently fixed upon Himself, and our ear attentively listening for his approaching footsteps. *If we postpone His return until after the tribulation, it is useless to watch now;* and all the hopes, and joys, and glories, and the meeting with our dead, and the cessation of sorrow, and the sweetness of satisfied desire, must be put off to a future time.”

The Bible Scholar.



CHAPTER XII.

THE BIBLE SCHOLAR.

MANY and many a time Dr. Brookes has been asked: "How did you obtain your mastery of the Scriptures?" His answer was to the point:

"By studying it."

His idea of Bible study, however, was very different from that of most men. So familiar was he with the Scriptures, that it has been said in all seriousness by admirers: "If all the Bibles were destroyed, Dr. Brookes could produce one from memory."

On one occasion, while preaching at a conference in Asbury Park, New Jersey, the editor of a New York semi-religious publication was present. He had heard of Dr. Brookes' marvellous power of quoting the Scriptures, and he determined to test it.

On a note book, during the sermon, he jotted down every verse quoted. Utterly

amazed, the man went to Dr. Brookes after the sermon, and pointed out that he had quoted *verb. et lit.*, almost a hundred separate Bible texts; giving not only the words, but the chapter and verse.

From his earliest youth Dr. Brookes was a Bible student.

As a child he had been expected to learn and quote much Scripture; and his mother was scrupulously careful that the quotation was faultlessly exact. She held that to misquote in the slightest degree was something almost a sin. It was God's Word, she said, and must be studied, and repeated exactly, or not at all.

(Alas, how would her soul be torn if she heard some of the wretched misquoting of the Scriptures—where any is quoted at all—in many pulpits, even Presbyterian pulpits, to-day! A sermon was heard by the writer in a St. Louis Presbyterian church, in 1897, in which the Savior was “quoted” as saying certain words which no man, even with a magnifying glass, can find in any portion of the New Testament.)

The influence of that training was marked throughout Dr. Brookes' career. The Bible was his *vade mecum*. He pored over it. He, so to speak, absorbed it. He knew it, and he

knew everything worth knowing that had been written about it.

He kept himself thoroughly posted, too, as to the work of the destructive German critics (and their servile American "Men Fridays") whose hope of recognition and worldly success, in the former country—and to a growing extent in our own—lies in their power to win notoriety, and gather about them a following.

There have been certain deluded men who have ignorantly implied that Dr. Brookes knew little but the English Bible.

It would not be charitable, though doubtless true, to say that he could have taught them Hebrew, Greek and Latin. But it is only a simple fact to state that he was an expert scholar in ancient languages. While in German and French he laid no claims to a profound study, as in the ancient tongues, yet he could easily read both those languages. He studied the German theological professors' "sensation"-seeking utterances in the original, something which (let it be said under the rose) it is to be doubted if many of their subservient followers in American seminaries can do, with all their I'm-holier-than-thou air of philologic eruditeness.

This acknowledged champion of the Plain People's English Bible knew all that they did concerning the Bible in the original, and a great deal more, in numerous instances. Having delved deeply into the roots of words, and the textual study of men and times, he was fully equipped to battle with the destructive Biblical critics in their own camp. He saw through the pretensions of many alleged great textual scholars, and despised their lofty and exclusive assumption of sacred learning.

His editorial utterances concerning some of them necessarily imply a deep and sincere feeling that they were untrue to their trust, and capable of doing great harm to the souls of simpler men and women, in whose eyes they seemed to be throwing dust by baseless assumptions.

On blank pages of his Bibles, and on the margins of the printed pages, in small, perfect penmanship, he wrote down with the utmost care the rich results of his life-long labors. Only a photograph can adequately describe those marvellous "notes," and only the multitudes who "heard him gladly," and the greater multitudes who have read his books in many languages, know the value of them.

To make himself certain as to the use of

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say one word, he thought nothing of reading the entire Bible through for that particular purpose. If the word appeared three times that fact he established for himself. *He believed in being his own concordance.* (It should be added here, that he was urged scores of times to write a concordance.)

It was often his custom to read the Bible through three or four times during a summer vacation.

When he wished to fortify himself as to any doctrine from the Bible, he, of course, read the Bible through with such especial end in view. The passages were carefully marked. When he reached the end of Revelations, every text bearing on the topic was at his tongue's end. He had gone to the court of last resort, and all was settled.

The results of that tremendous labor would then be written down, briefly and beautifully, in a portion of his Bible.

Dr. Brookes was constantly urging men to study first the Bible itself and then the books about the Bible.

He believed too many preachers, young and old, held the books "about the Bible" to be far too important.

Yet he was a great bookman, and his

any one word, he thought nothing of reading the entire Bible through for that particular purpose. If the word appeared three times that fact he established for himself. *He believed in being his own concordance.* (It should be added here, that he was urged scores of times to write a concordance.)

It was often his custom to read the Bible through three or four times during a summer vacation.

When he wished to fortify himself as to any doctrine from the Bible, he, of course, read the Bible through with such especial end in view. The passages were carefully marked. When he reached the end of Revelations, every text bearing on the topic was at his tongue's end. He had gone to the court of last resort, and all was settled.

The results of that tremendous labor would then be written down, briefly and beautifully, in a portion of his Bible.

Dr. Brookes was constantly urging men to study first the Bible itself, and then the books about the Bible.

He believed too many preachers, young and old, held the books "about the Bible" to be far too important.

Yet he was a great bookman, and his

library was a "thing of beauty." The four walls of his large study were crowded with theological lore, and to the day of his last illness he kept close watch on new works, and secured all the worthy ones.

THE NIAGARA CONFERENCE.

In natural connection with the study of the Scriptures, and the championing of pre-millennial views, came Dr. Brookes' prominence in the Niagara Conference movement.

This gathering began in a small informal meeting of evangelists who had planned to spend their summer outing in the same place. They wished to meet with Dr. Brookes when he was at leisure, and take counsel with him. Soon after, others asked for the same privilege. The success of that gathering was remarkable from the first. Meetings were held at different resorts. Finally, Niagara-on-the-Lake was chosen as the permanent rallying point.

Dr. Brookes was president of the association which of necessity grew out of the informal gathering of a few kindred spirits. Special arrangements were made for the accommodation of the friends who met there together, and a suitable pavilion was erected by the local hotel company on a hill overlooking Lake Ontario. Here representative ministers,

evangelists, professors and learned laymen met and discussed Biblical themes.

As Dr. Brookes often said and printed: "Men's views are not wanted; we are here to study God's Word."

Those who attended held in common the pre-millennial belief; and the discussion of the many phases of "That Blessed Hope" was always a leading feature of the summer's session. Yet there was no hard and fast rule, and all hearers were gladly welcomed. Denominational barriers were leveled. Men and women of every creed met on one common ground—that of love for the searching of the Scriptures.

Many warm friendships were made at this charming spot. Among those near and dear to Dr. Brookes in this conference work were Dr. William G. Moorehead of the Theological Seminary at Xenia, Ohio; Dr. H. M. Parsons, of Toronto; Dr. W. J. Erdman, Dr. C. I. Scofield, J. M. Stifler, Robert U. Garrett, Major Whittle, G. C. Needham, and many others.

Special memorial services were held during the summer of 1897, in honor of the dead leader. Friends present wrote that it was an occasion not to be forgotten.

BIBLE WORK AT SUMMER SCHOOLS.

With his work at Niagara Conference, his many books, addresses and published articles on the Bible, there is naturally recalled the work in the Moody Summer School at Northfield, and similar labor in the west, at the Young Men's Christian Association at Lake Geneva, Wis., in Kansas, and elsewhere.

Mr. Moody and Dr. Brookes renewed their acquaintanceship a short time before Dr. Brookes' death. The last time Dr. Brookes appeared in a public assemblage other than his own church, was at an afternoon Moody meeting in St. Louis. He led in prayer. Those who heard that prayer say they never heard anything like it. Mr. Moody referred to it touchingly in a letter he wrote to the stricken family after Dr. Brookes' translation.

At Northfield, at Geneva, or wherever he was, he was always a lion among the young men.

He was so manly, so vigorous, such a "hard-hitter" at men and things he held to be wrong; so gifted, so finished, so positive of what he said concerning the Bible, that he took them by storm.

To say that he delighted them would be hardly expressing it strongly enough. He re-

ceived ovation after ovation. There was even an effort made once to haul him about in a carriage by young men power.

His influence on college youth met in those summer schools, cannot be estimated. A leading College Young Men's Christian Association official once told a member of the family that to Dr. Brookes' Bible readings during a certain summer, he laid the cause of a great revival of religious interest in a number of the largest colleges of the land during the following fall. His own quickening, too, for greater service, the officer laid to the same influence. This young man now has a world-wide influence in the College Association work.

Dr. Brookes was especially happy in conducting the "question box" at such gatherings. His marvellous memory then showed forth in all its might. With never a look at the Bible he would answer questions as fast as they could be read; quoting one, two, three or five verses to "clinch" each answer.

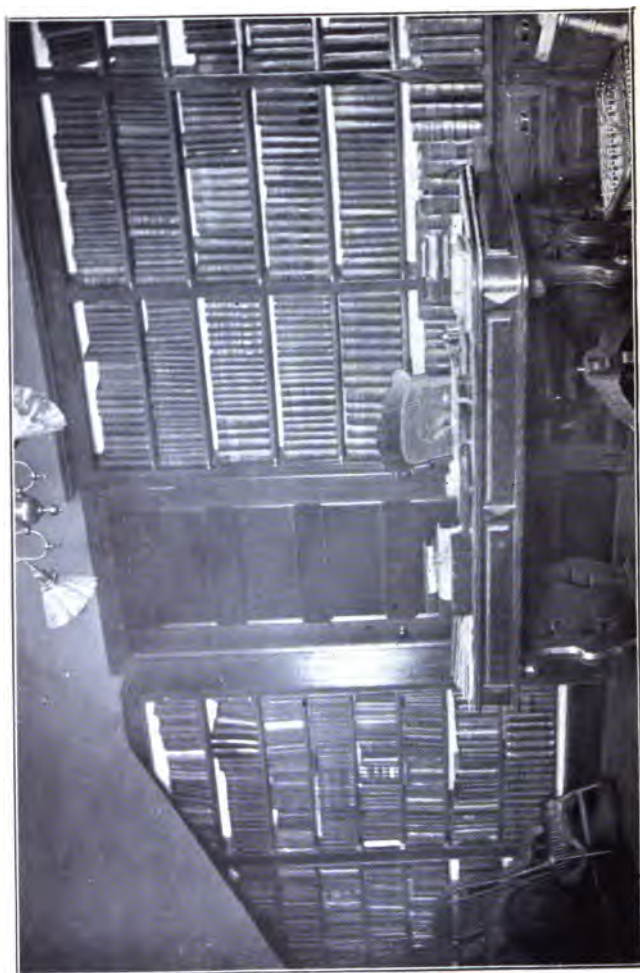
His manly defense of the Inerrant Bible, and the multitudinous reasons he gave "for the faith that was in him," powerfully influenced the young men. He "straightened out" hundreds of picked young men who had gone astray under the enervating influences of pro-

fessors and ministers whose knees were weak, and whose minds were foggy on the question of Inspiration of the Scriptures.

It is impossible to do more than hint at all Dr. Brookes did as a Bible student; and as preacher, teacher and author, who made the Bible his *summa summarum*.

His whole life must be viewed from the stand-point of Bible study, to obtain anything like an adequate conception of Dr. Brookes.


The Author.



DR. BROOKES' LIBRARY.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE AUTHOR.

 R. BROOKES was urged into authorship. It was in 1864 that his first work, "How TO BE SAVED," appeared.

The circumstances which led to the launching of that modest little craft on the sea of literature, makes interesting reading to-day.

Miss Susan McBeth, a noted missionary among the Indians and soldiers, who was laboring among the regular army men ("my boys" she called them,) at Jefferson Barracks, near St. Louis, went one day to Dr. Brookes with a request:

"I came here to-day as an inquirer. I am constantly asked puzzling questions by the soldiers concerning the way of salvation. I am troubled, often, to know how to make my answers clear and plain enough. Now I have come to you to repeat the questions put to me, and to listen to your answers."

Dr. Brookes willingly granted her request. When she had run the gamut of the queries, and had heard the clear, unhackneyed, unprofessional—so to speak—answers, she begged to be allowed to bring “some of her boys” to hear him go over those questions and answers again.

He agreed to do as she wished; and in a few days the study was filled with young soldiers, accompanied by Miss McBeth and J. W. McIntire, a St. Louis publisher of that day. The lady had brought him along with an “ulterior motive” which did her credit.

At the close of the informal gathering Mr. McIntire said that he wanted the speaker to write out what he had said, and he would make of it a book. Dr. Brookes demurred, but finally, after argument, the publisher secured an affirmative answer.

Soon after, “HOW TO BE SAVED,” “by J. H. B.” appeared. It was a marvellous success from every standpoint, including the publisher’s. Edition after edition was sold. It was translated into German, Portugese, French and Spanish. It was widely circulated among the soldiers of both armies during our late war. The good it did cannot be reckoned up in this world.

In the preface of this, the first of his long list of published works, the author showed the clear, practical thinking and lucid writing which marked all his books.

Selections from it are here quoted; for this book marked an epoch in Dr. Brookes' career. Heretofore the pulpit had been his sole field of labor. But from now on he was continually forced to write, and the world has been enriched thereby.

"My friends," he wrote, "I have some things to say to you richly worthy of your attention, and full of interest and happiness to you, if cordially received.

"By the help of the Divine Spirit, I propose to address you on the all-important subject of religion, and to tell you how you may be saved. I propose to address you in plain and simple language; for I have learned from my own experience that, notwithstanding the instruction we may have received in the family and in the sanctuary, concerning the great truths of the Bible, when we come to feel a personal interest in those truths we need some one to expound unto us 'the way of God more perfectly.'

"We may be convinced that in some manner we are to be saved by the Lord Jesus

Christ, if saved at all, and that we are required to believe on Him; but what it is to believe on Him, and why we must believe on Him, and when we must believe on Him, are questions about which we may be entirely ignorant."

A little later is a bit of striking reminiscence of his own youth:

"I felt that I would be willing to seek Jesus if He were only on the earth, as He was 1800 years ago; but I read in my Bible that He 'is passed into the heavens,' and I was constrained to cry out like Job, 'Oh, that I knew where I might find Him! that I might come even unto His seat! I would order my cause before Him, and fill my mouth with arguments.' I felt that I would be willing to go beyond the sea, and to visit the City of Jerusalem, and to kneel on the very spot where the cross was erected, if it could be pointed out; but I was satisfied that this would not make me a Christian; and so many months passed away in perplexity and distress, because there was no one whom I met to direct me to the 'Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.'

"Now, I want to avoid as much as possible, all figurative language * * * and to ex-

plain the plan of salvation clearly:* * *

How little the author of this modest preface, written, as he supposed, for a few ignorant but earnest soldiers, knew of the thousands and tens of thousands who were to read those lines!

"THE WAY MADE PLAIN," was his second work, which was issued in 1871. The manuscript and copyright were given outright to the American Sunday-school Union. Edition after edition was issued. The prefatory words to "THE WAY MADE PLAIN" are very characteristic:

"Those who carefully read the first thirteen verses of the tenth chapter of Romans cannot fail to perceive the logical order and marvellous clearness with which the Holy Ghost there sets forth the Way of Life. It is the aim of this little book to follow that order, and in some feeble measure to reflect that clearness. Hence the Scriptures are closely followed at every step of the argument, because they alone can guide our feet in the path of prayer.

"Frequently has the author, when dealing with inquiring souls, undertaken a simple exposition of this instructive and interesting

passage and often has the Lord been pleased to own it in imparting light to the darkened understanding and comfort to the troubled heart of the anxious sinner. To His blessing and favor it is now commended, with the earnest prayer that, as sent forth by the American Sunday-School Union, it may be more greatly owned in his service."

HIS VOLUMINOUS WRITINGS.

From this time on, almost to the close of his life, Dr. Brookes continued to reach a great audience by means of the printed page. It requires care to guard against the omission of any of his works, so numerous were they, and little more can be done here than to name them all.

"THE BIBLE UNDER FIRE SERIES," consisted of "FIFTY REASONS FOR BELIEVING THE BIBLE"; "HISTORICAL EVIDENCES AS TO THE TRUTH OF THE BIBLE"; "THE BIBLE INERRANT"; "IT IS THE WORD OF GOD"; "CHRIST AND THE BIBLE STAND OR FALL TOGETHER."

"CHAFF AND WHEAT; A DEFENSE OF VERBAL INSPIRATION."

"COMING AND APPEARING OF OUR LORD."

"MAY CHRISTIANS DANCE?"

"OUTLINES OF THE BOOKS OF THE BIBLE."

"STUMBLING BLOCKS REMOVED," a "book

designed to meet the doubts and perplexities frequently found to exist in the minds of honest inquirers after the Truth as it is in Jesus."

"FROM DEATH UNTO LIFE, OR THE SINNER SAVED."

"THE HOLY SPIRIT."

"DID JESUS RISE?"

Among the later and larger books were these:

"ISRAEL AND THE CHURCH."

Concerning this book the editor of the *Episcopal Recorder* wrote: "Dr. Brookes has conferred many benefits upon the church by his writings, and he has in this book done good service by emphasizing the Biblical distinction between the Jews, as the peculiar people of God in their national capacity, and the Church consisting of the whole body of believers united with Christ by a living faith."

"IS THE BIBLE TRUE?"

Of this a well-known Western minister said: "I can only say that I know of no more forcible and convincing work of its size, in vindication of the Word of God and the divinity of the character and work of the Son of Man."

Especially noted was his "MARANATHA;

OR THE LORD COMETH," a work of 554 pages. Among books of the pre-millennialists it stands *facile princeps*. Edition after edition has been demanded on both sides of the Atlantic.

The late Henry Morehouse, the noted English evangelist, said of it publicly: "In no book outside the New Testament have I seen this truth more sweetly or clearly shown forth than in Maranatha, by Dr. Brookes."

"TILL HE COME." This book is held by many pre-millennialists to be one of the strongest, as well as simplest, representations of the Scriptures on the Second Coming of the Lord obtainable. It was designed especially for the inquirer and the doubter.

"MYSTERY OF SUFFERING." Its publisher has stated: "No record has been kept of the letters and messages received from the suffering children of God who have been comforted and strengthened by this little book. One lady who has spent years upon a bed of pain, writes that next to her Bible she prizes it above all the books she has ever read, and commends it most earnestly to sick and sorrowing souls."

Having been sorely and peculiarly afflicted himself, Dr. Brookes knew how to comfort others compelled to drink of the cup of sorrow.

A later book, and one of especial prominence, was "THE CHRIST; A STUDY OF HIS PERSON, WORKS AND CLAIMS." It is interesting to glance at a few from the many words of praise which representative editors lavished upon this book.

"The Spirit of the Master," says one, "breathes on every page."

Other expressions are: "It is an impressive representation of a great theme." "Worthy of warm commendation." "Sure to do good work in presenting the unanswerable proofs of the Divine Redeemer of a lost world."

"Well named, for the Christ and nothing but the Christ is its theme from cover to cover. The earnest Christian Bible student and minister alike will appreciate it."

"We rejoice that so clear a statement has been put forth in a form so popular, and hope it may be blessed to many in helping them to apprehend the person and work of our Lord."

"If it be true, as has been charged, that modern sermons have too little of Christ in them, then this book ought to be in the hands, and its truths and sentiments in the heart and head, of every preacher of the age. It is a

Christ-full book. The first chapter is worth the price of the whole."

THE LAST BOOKS.

Three books appeared within the past three years. Of these, Dr. Brookes wrote: "These three books contain the last testimony which the author wishes to leave to the thoughtful considerations of those who believe in the Word of God."

These books were: "GOD SPAKE ALL THESE WORDS;" a defense of the Inerrant Bible.

"HE IS NOT HERE." (Written to establish the literal and physical resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to prove that the denial of the fact so essential to Christianity is a denial of every fundamental truth of the Gospel. Such denial, whether made by Strauss, Renan, Ingersoll, or a certain class of Higher Critics, is sheer infidelity."—*Dr. Brookes.*)

The third was a revised and enlarged fifth edition of "TILL HE COME," renamed "I AM COMING." This work was published in Glasgow, Scotland.

Concerning "God Spake," the *New York Observer* said: "The Rev. J. H. Brookes, D. D., of St. Louis, Mo., is a devout student of

God's Word and has published a number of volumes helpful to the true understanding of its truths. * * This book tears a good many high-flown criticisms of the Bible to tatters. It is definite and clear in its statements, terse and straightforward in style, and simple and convincing throughout."

The Herald and Presbyter, of Cincinnati, saw fit to say of it: "The name of the author is a sufficient guarantee of its worth. No man is more able and constant in the defense of the truth. The book deserves a wide circulation, especially among the rank and file of the church, who have not time nor facility for critical study. It is a simple, clear and ringing defense of the Scriptures."

Literally hundreds of other such critiques of Dr. Brookes' works might be quoted. But it is needless. Those who read his books—and they are numbered by tens of thousands—long ago made up their minds that his deep thoughts, expressed in pellucid, straightforward English, made them volumes to be eagerly sought and kept at hand.

Dr. Brookes was a poor financier in literary matters. The money made on his books went into other pockets than his. The copy-

rights of some he freely gave away. He wrote to do others, not himself, good. Had he troubled himself overmuch about profits and royalties, he might not have been able to write as he did. His eye was single.

It would take a whole page to write down simply the titles of his hundreds of published and tremendously circulated tracts.

One man, W. W. Waters, 706 Penn avenue, Pittsburg, Pa., always keeps large editions of 140 different tracts of Dr. Brookes' constantly in stock for sale or free distribution. The plates of others have been lost through a change of publishers.

At a low estimate, he has written from 250 to 300 complete tracts, averaging six pages.

His tracts are as different from the ordinary dreary tract, as his sermons were from the ordinary sermon. That is high but just praise.

The Editor.

CHAPTER XIV. THE EDITOR.

FOR TWENTY-THREE years Dr. Brookes edited a monthly magazine, THE TRUTH.

He issued it because there was a demand for such a means of reaching his ever-widening circle of listeners; some far over seas.

There was (to use a colloquialism) "no money in it" for him. In twenty-three years of editing he never collected twenty-three cents in salary. He was actually out of pocket for manuscript paper and postage used. He gave his services to the journal gladly.

The steps which led up to the founding of the magazine, in 1874, are fully set forth in the salutatory. This "Introduction" shows the intense and far-seeing convictions Dr. Brookes had, at that early day, against those who were then beginning the assault on the inerrancy of the Scriptures.

The assailants of the Bible were comparatively modest in these days, but he anticipa-

ted what was coming, and prepared to buckle on his armor.

Alas! what a true prophet he was. Several years before Dr. Brookes' death, Union Seminary, founded on the money of those who honored the whole Bible as the Word of God, was led off to dishonor by a Briggs; previous to his translation Dr. Brookes heard Presbyterian weaklings squeak their little second-hand tirades against Moses and Isaiah; he was not spared the knowledge of an Abbott who shook his cap of motley and chimed his jester's bells as he "preached" (save the mark!) in a Brooklyn pulpit—or should it not be called a Brooklyn circus?

And Dr. Brookes lived to read—occasionally, from curiosity—a New York periodical, an alleged Presbyterian journal, as it frothed at the mouth in its impotent rage against good men and true who believed that those who gave the lie daily to the Standards of the Presbyterian Church to which they had subscribed, had no right to be teaching in, and drawing fat salaries from, Presbyterian Theological seminaries.

This "Introduction" also explains and justifies his straight-from-the-shoulder style of editing, shown through the twenty-three years

of journalistic labors. To quote from *The Truth*, Vol. I, No. 1:

"After much anxious reflection and earnest prayer, it has been determined by a few Christian friends to publish a paper under the title here announced. The name has not been selected as indicating an arrogant assumption of special acquaintance with the truth, but simply as expressive of our aim in seeking to set forth the manifold glories of Him who alone could say, 'I am the way, THE TRUTH, and the life.'—John xiv. 6.

"Alas! too well do we know that the rays of divine light coming from the Sun of Righteousness never reach the human mind without more or less refraction from their direct course by passing through the dense medium of 'the flesh'; and the humiliating discoveries of our own ignorance, that are daily made in the study of the sacred Scriptures, exclude all boasting in the attempt to teach others even 'the first principles of the oracles of God.' Heb. v. 12.

"Not a step, therefore, can we take, except in the entire dependence upon One of whom our Lord said to His disciples, 'When He, the Spirit of Truth, is come, He will guide you into all truth: for He shall not speak

of Himself; but whatsoever He shall hear, that shall He speak: and He will show you things to come. He shall glorify me: for He shall receive of mine, and shall show it unto you.' John xvi. 13, 14.

"But just because of this dependence upon the Holy Ghost, we cannot shrink from the work to which we have been summoned in the face of our own desire, whatever our sense of personal unfitness for the task. It is a sure sign of being occupied about self, when we decline a service forced upon us, as this has been, as the plea of inability. Blessed be God, He does not call us to serve Him upon the ground of our strength, but of His sufficient grace; and unless we are filled with thoughts of ourselves, or with distrust of His promised aid, we need not refuse to stand in a place of testimony or at a post of duty, however arduous the labor it may require, or however serious the responsibility it may involve.

Hence we go forth unaffected by the hope of success, unmoved by the fear of failure, to join other witnesses of Jesus who are using the press to make known The Truth. If He is pleased to own the paper He will raise up friends to carry it forward to the accomplishment of its mission; if He does

not need it, gladly will we retire into silence. Many, no doubt, will regard it as rash to venture upon a new periodical at present, when it is well known that a number of the journals already established throughout the church at large are struggling for bare existence, and when the financial condition of the country is so disturbed that there is a general complaint of poverty, mingled with a general apprehension of still greater reverses. None, however, who are informed, will deny that publications of an infidel and grossly immoral character are increasing to an appalling extent; and the call is urgent upon all who love our Lord to resist promptly and resolutely these agents of Satan, and to stand, having their 'loins girt about with truth,' taking in their hand 'the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God.' Eph. vi. 17.

"Never before, perhaps, were the servants of the evil one more busy and zealous in disseminating positive error, and, what is equally or even more dangerous, perverted truth. It would be painful enough if these efforts were confined to the avowed enemies of Christ; but we are shocked by the indubitable proofs, constantly furnished, *that infidelity is not only tolerated, but cherished and openly advocated by those who*

are followed as burning and shining lights of the Church.

“A recent number of a paper conducted by ‘the most popular preacher in America,’ obtaining by the fame of his name an immense circulation, and wielding by the force of his genius a potent influence over tens of thousands, speaking of the sacred Scriptures, does not hesitate to affirm that ‘if anything in them does not approve itself to the reason and moral sense as true, it is to be rejected.’ The boldest skeptic can not say anything more than this, and the most determined skeptic, who retains a decent respect for the opinions of Christians, can not say anything worse than this. *Sentiments no less impious are heard with increasing frequency from pulpits that have been regarded as evangelical, in derogation of the supreme authority of God’s Word, doubt of Christ’s true and proper divinity, or in contempt of His atoning death and imputed righteousness as the sole ground upon which we can be saved. Even where such sentiments are not openly proclaimed we may easily learn by a little inquiry that they are held by multitudes in the church, whose faith has yielded to the claims of shallow humanitarianism, and fled at the first approach of ‘Science, falsely so-called’.* Tim. vi. 20.

“It is not the time, therefore, for a trum-

pet lifted for *The Truth* to give an uncertain sound. And it is proper to inform our readers that we shall maintain, according to the measure of ability God may impart, the plenary and verbal inspiration of the sacred Scriptures; the divine dignity of the person of his eternal Son; the utter ruin and death in sin of the whole human race, as born into the world; our indispensable need of the Holy Spirit to produce the new birth, to impart faith, to dwell in the believer, to unite him to our risen Lord in the heavenly places; and a full, free, present salvation, founded, not upon our works and feelings to any degree, but entirely upon the finished work of Christ, who 'by Himself purged our sins.' Heb. i. 3.

"We shall also strive to comfort doubting and desponding Christians by leading them into the assurance of their acceptance, not through the fancied discovery of some goodness in themselves, but through belief of God's testimony; urging them to a higher practical holiness by walking in the light of unclouded fellowship with the Father, and with His Son, and by 'looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Savior Jesus Christ,' Titus ii, 13.

"As it is our aim to encourage diligent

and devout study of the Word of Life, brief and plain expositions of Scripture will be given, with special reference to the elucidation of passages commonly regarded as obscure in meaning, or difficult of comprehension. When to this is added that the little ones will not be forgotten; that inquirers will be entreated to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ without a moment's delay, or preparation of any kind, and that unbelievers will be reminded of One who is willing to save instantly and completely, and able to send them 'away into everlasting punishment,' Matt. xxv. 46, our purposes will be readily understood."

HIS ASSOCIATES.

Edward Bredell, deceased, then an active Presbyterian layman, was the proprietor. Their office was at 212 North 5th street. There a complete stock of Dr. Brookes' and similar books, Bibles and tracts were kept. Later, the periodical was removed to Chicago, when it was issued for a time by the Gospel Publishing Co. Finally, it was secured by Fleming H. Revell, who issued it up to the number following Dr. Brookes' death.

It was then sold by Mr. Revell to the "*Watchword*," the magazine the late Dr. Gordon, of Boston, founded. The twin pub-

lication has since appeared under the title of "*The Watchword And Truth.*" owned and edited by Robert Cameron.

On almost every line of *The Truth* Dr. Brookes' striking personality was in evidence. He wrote the larger part of each number, though he had valued contributing editors: W. J. Erdman, D. D., Prof. W. G. Moorhead, H. M. Parsons, D. D., Rev. C. I. Schofield and Rev. G. C. Needham.

A number of pungent editorial paragraphs, in which he smote and spared not was a feature of each issue. When stirred up to righteous indignation by what seemed to be an assault on the Bible, he would pen lines of rebuke that glowed.

But in the very same issue there would, almost always, appear some tender piece of writing from the same pen, full of comfort to many bruised hearts. He was a many-sided editor, as he was a man.

DR. BROOKES AND HIS CRITICS.

Those brethren who criticised Dr. Brookes' editorial utterances as being too sharp, and who occasionally remonstrated with him privately, were sometimes told by Dr. Brookes the following homely old tale:

"There was once a mild-mannered old

farmer, who saw some boys in his favorite apple tree, stealing fruit," Dr. Brookes would say. "He ran out and sought to reason with them, and politely invited them to dismount. They laughed at him.

"The old man then got a trifle vexed and began to throw grass, in handfuls, at the depredators.

"But they did not mind grass, and still laughed at him.

"Then he began throwing soft clods.

"But that didn't 'phase' them.

"Then patience ceased to be a virtue—and stones began to fly.

"In a moment the boys were down and making tracks for the pike."

Dr. Brookes would then add that he was sick and tired of seeing the defenders of the inspired Bible using soft words and feebly tossing grass at the semi-infidel seminary professors and writers who, with their silly flock of human sheep, were striving to vie with the beer soaked agnostics who labeled themselves "Theologians" in German University towns; and whose only hope of preferment is to stir up a sensation by going a little farther towards atheism than the next "Professor of Divinity."

Dr. Brookes asserted that such men were

ruining souls. Towards such he felt it his Christian duty to hurl stones—not soft clods. And he hurled them straight, and with all the force of his strong right arm.

His critics were also reminded as to what the magazine stood for and always had fought for: clear-cut conservatism. If they did not like it, they did not have to buy. He did not force it on any one. There were plenty who did want it.

He never could see the justice of allowing the ultra liberal press to have full sway in its attacks on orthodoxy and ridicule for the orthodox; and then to see certain of the orthodox themselves holding up their hands in holy horror, because *The Truth* lunged back at the scoffers with an equally sharp sword.

Evidently the magazine suited his wide following; and certainly its fearless editor never changed his ways because of criticism, mild or sharp, both of which, like the poor, “were always with him.”

Many of the pages of *The Truth* were devoted to the propagation and defense of the cause of pre-millennialism. Profound articles and series of articles were prepared by the editor on that theme so dear to him.

It was, in a sense, too, the “organ” of

the Niagara Conference. One number, each year, was devoted to a complete report of the addresses and papers of that gathering.

A large number of the yearly issues were also bound, and are, to-day, cherished parts of many libraries in the land.

THE TRUTH'S WIDE FIELD.

The field of the magazine was a wide one—the world. Though no “circulation swearer” was ever employed—no commercial advertising being printed—there was a goodly list of readers. Everywhere Dr. Brookes went, in the United States or England, he invariably met people who said: “I know you well through *The Truth*. I have taken it from Vol. I., No. 1.”

A study of the circulation list showed a unique clientele of every denomination, and of every clime. Many of the “United Brethren” (that is, more or less “United”) read it; many Presbyterians, Baptists, Reformed Episcopalians. The Roman Catholic Archbishop, Dr. Ryan, formerly of St. Louis, and Dr. Brookes were good friends. They often spent hours together in the editor’s study. He greatly admired Dr. Brookes’ editorials and other writings, and even circulated some of the books among his people.

(When on one occasion, certain Catholics tried to keep Dr. Brookes from the bedside of a dying man—a nominal Romanist, who had learned to know and love Dr. Brookes, and had sent an urgent request for his presence when he wished to make his peace with God—the Archbishop rebuked them, and the dying man's wish was granted.)

There was no one to carry on *The Truth* as a distinct publication after its founder was taken. It was a part of his personality. Without him, it would have been nothing.

Side-Lights.



The Children and their Chosen Playfellow.
 These were no other children on the Island, as they would have been on the scene.

CHAPTER XV. SIDE LIGHTS.

Those who knew Dr. Brooks only in the pulpit, knew him as an eloquent preacher, who stirred men's souls as few of the world's divines have ever done.

They knew him as a valiant defender of the Inerrant Bible, who hurled thunderbolts at destructive Higher Criticism of the century.

And they recognized him as a leader in World circles as well as New, in the pre-millennial school of thought.

But unfortunately, such did not know the man and often seriously misjudged him. Few have been more misjudged. Many supposed him to be always engaged in thundering the one.

Yet, in fact, he was as tender-hearted as a man. As a parent he was indulgent to a



The Children and their Chosen Playfellow.

Taken at North Manitou Island, Lake Michigan. (There were no other children on the Island, or they would have been on the scene.)

CHAPTER XV. SIDE LIGHTS.

THOSE WHO knew Dr. Brookes only in the pulpit, knew him as an eloquent preacher, who stirred men's souls as few of the world's divines have ever done.

They knew him as a valiant defender of the Inerrant Bible, who hurled thunderbolts at the destructive Higher Criticism of the century's end.

And they recognized him as a leader in Old World circles as well as New, in the pre-millennial school of thought.

But unfortunately, such did not know the *man*, and often seriously misjudged him. Few men have been more misjudged. Many supposed him to be always engaged in thundering at some one.

Yet, in fact, he was as tender-hearted as a woman. As a parent he was indulgent to a

fault. To the wife of his youth he was an outspoken lover throughout the span of his life. Those who were so fortunate as to see Dr. Brookes in his home life, can never forget it, and will always be the better for it. In weal and woe, in sickness and in health, he was the same patient, gentle, always affectionate husband and father. No thoughtless words that hurt were spoken. In "little things" he was always careful. This is the testimony of the writer who lived in that home. It is the testimony of scores of others.

His treatment of his servants was that of a model master. He never forgot that they had hearts and souls.

One prominent St. Louisan testified in a letter, at the time of the good man's translation, that through Dr. Brookes' "practicing what he preached" in his treatment of his servants, he had been led to believe in and accept Christianity. An ex-servant of Dr. Brookes' had borne testimony of the life in his home to this man,

Reference is made elsewhere to his rare sense of humor. His stock of comical tales, gleaned from actual experience, was remarkable. And these were not kept for other rare

spirits en route to Synod, or as a relief after the serious work of the day at Northfield Summer School, or the Niagara-on-the-Beach Conference. He was at his best in his home circle. He was a born mimic. Perhaps he excelled when recounting negro tales in the dialect.

Probably no pastor in the Presbyterian Church "understood" so well the negroes. He had been brought up among them. When he began to walk, in his Tennessee home, a little dusky toddler was at his side. His first sermon was preached to the colored people at Oxford, Ohio, while a college student. And such was his work for that race throughout his long, laborious St Louis pastorate, that after his death a special memorial service was held by the colored Presbyterians, and heartfelt testimony as to his labors in their behalf was borne.

A LOVER OF CHILDREN.

Dr. Brookes was the friend of every child. Babies seemed to turn to him naturally for protection and amusement. A photograph reproduced in this volume shows him surrounded by a bevy of little ones, during a summer's outing at North Manitou Island, Lake Michigan.

It was always so. His grandchildren idolized him. He had almost resented the "growing up" of his daughters, for he was always their best play-fellow. The sight of the learned Dr. Brookes down on his hands and knees, "playing bear," was the edifying picture often presented to distinguished callers at the pastoral residence.

And rare pranks were sometimes played on him by his children. One of these, of which his youngest daughter was the perpetrator, deserves to be recorded, such was its originality and daring.

One day, while the Doctor was asleep on a lounge, the little girl daintily braided his beard into a number of separate pieces, each one gaily decked out with a piece of narrow but strong blue ribbon. She gazed with deep satisfaction upon her handiwork, and departed.

A noted Southern editor, it so happened, was passing through St. Louis the very day, and called at that moment to pay his respects to Dr. Brookes.

The Doctor awoke at the sound of the door-bell, and greeted his guest, all unconscious of the dazed look of wonder in the face of the visitor, whose eyes seemed fascinated by the beard. The Doctor did not happen to

stroke that portion of his face, and so did not discover the cause of his guest's pre-occupied air—not to speak of incoherent words.

Only when after the guest, still in a sort of a trance, had departed, did Dr. Brookes discover the true state of things. He always suspected that the man, who had not seen him before, supposed him to be an habitual beard-curler.

In his younger days he was accused of caring too much for his personal appearance in the pulpit, and of being too particular about the cut and set of his coat. It is needless to say that these innuendoes were made by strangers. The carelessness he always showed concerning proper clerical habiliments was often a cause of distress to his young wife. If he looked "well-groomed" in the pulpit it was because she had kept a watchful eye upon him, and for no wish of his own.

THE RED-WHEELED BUGGY.

The young wife was often surprised and amused too, at the frequency with which Dr. Brookes *was not taken for a minister*. Here is one instance during the early life in St. Louis: They often drove out together, and she noticed with considerable wonderment how her husband always took from the livery stable a cer-

tain fast, rakish-looking horse, attached to a buggy with bright red wheels. She thought it anything but suitable (for in those days, she said, to drive in a buggy with red wheels was a sign of depravity.) Yet, rather than hurt her husband's feelings, she submitted resignedly to the carmine hue and the fast "trotter."

But finally, she felt for his sake she must enter a protest. The complaint was passed on by the minister to the liveryman. A light broke on the latter, who hastened to explain:

"Why, are you Dr. Brookes, the preacher? I thought you were that gambler, Capt. —. That is a dangerous horse, and might have killed you. I thought it would be a good ride if he did run off again and did kill —, so I let you have it."

Thereafter a fat and sleepy old horse sedately jogged along before the sombre-hued vehicle in which sat the young minister and his fair wife; and sometimes, it must be confessed, the pastor had to smother a sigh as he thought of that other, tabcoed steed—for Dr. Brookes loved to drive a spirited horse.

SOME STORIES HE TOLD.

Some of the bon-mots of this prince of re-counters should be kept for the lovers of real

humor, through the "art preservative," and therefore are here reproduced.

One summer, during the Pre-millennial Conference at Richfield Springs, N. Y., before the day of the Niagara gathering—a Presbyterian minister of a New York town was studying the tenets of pre-millennialism. He lay awake one night in a room opposite two occupied by Dr. Brookes and a well-known evangelist.

It so happened the day before that Dr. Brookes had expected to receive copies of the current issue of his magazine, *The Truth*. But they had been delayed. Suddenly, about midnight, he was awakened by the minister across the way knocking at his door and shouting exultingly.

The light of pre-millennialism had dawned upon him in the silent watch of the night, and he felt that he must tell his mentor of it.

"Oh! Dr. Brookes, it's come; it's come. I've got it; I've got it," he cried.

Dr. Brookes arose and, but half awake, said:

"What have you got?"

"The truth."

Dr. Brookes, still half asleep, supposed his friend referred to the delayed periodical, and asked, wonderingly:

"How did it come, by mail or express?"

The evangelist in the next room had been awakened, and was in a convulsion of laughter.

Meanwhile the poor convert stood without in open-mouthed astonishment.

HIS FIRST SERMON.

He loved to tell of his experiences with negro preachers and congregations. The work he did among the colored congregation of Oxford, Ohio, is memorabilia of interest. While a college student there, he accosted a colored man, one day, and desired to know if his people had any means of worship?

"'Deed we hasn't, boss," was the response.

"If I offer to preach to you will you gather your friends to hear me?" then asked young Brookes; adding, doubtless, that he was from the South.

"'Deed ah will," was the delighted answer.

The young student then obtained permission to use a school house on the outskirts of the town for his service. The colored friend, meanwhile, had been putting in a good part of his time telling about the young Southerner who was going to preach to "us niggers."

On the appointed Sunday evening Mr. Brookes found the room packed. His hearers had gathered from miles around. After the singing of old-time hymns a simple Gospel sermon was preached. In the midst of the sermon some of the old-time "bredren an' sisters" began to "get happy"—"shoutin' happy."

Their mood, which was at once recognized by the young Tennessean, was just beginning to be contagious when the young preacher leaped to his feet and commanded them to "stop their nonsense and behave themselves." They quieted down—for he knew how to manage them—and the meeting soon dispersed in an orderly manner.

The next morning, seated by an open window in his college room, Mr. Brookes overheard two ancient "aunties" of very dusky hue talking over the meeting of the night before.

"Didn't we jes' have a gran' time, sister?" said one.

"'Deed we did. But what ah'm a-studyin' 'bout is, why didn't the young marser let us niggers holler? Tell me?"

"Sho' honey," her friend replied, to the listener's intense amusement, "dat's jes' his ign'ance. He's so young."

Years after Dr. Brookes had another experience among colored friends which amused him greatly. He was visiting at the plantation of a friend in Louisiana. As was his custom, he inquired concerning the colored churches thereabout. Learning of one not far away, he visited it on a Sunday. He was introduced by the planter to the worthy but rather pompous pastor, who immediately changed his plans for the day and besought Dr. Brookes to preach for him. The invitation was accepted.

But when the time came for the sermon the visitor could hardly restrain his laughter and proceed. For in these words the colored minister made him known to the admiring flock:

“Ah interduce de Rev’re’n’ Dr. Brookes of St. Louie, who is a gwine to preach ter-day.

“Dey sholy grows great men en ole Missury. Brudder Brookes is from Missury—ah’m from Missury.”

THE WEDDING HE BROKE OFF AT THE LAST
MINUTE.

Dr. Brookes’ house, in the early days, when he lived in what is now the heart of the business district, was a Mecca for young

couples who wished a quiet marriage. His experiences were sometimes very amusing. He used to tell of one marriage which he broke off "for cause," five minutes before the time set for it; and when the bride and groom were in his parlor.

The groom was a beardless boy of weak countenance; the bride-elect a grim-visaged lady of uncertain years and beady eyes. Dr. Brookes grasped the situation; it was a leap year affair he saw at a glance, and might entail life-long sorrow for the boy.

"Come here a minute," said Dr. Brookes to the youth.

They adjourned to the hall.

"Look here, boy," said Dr. Brookes, "do you know what you're doing?" The boy grinned feebly and said he "'lowed he did."

"Do you really want to marry that woman, who is almost old enough to be your mother, and as ugly as sin?"

"I don't much care one way or 'nother; but she's sot on marryin' me."

"Don't you know that if I marry you to her you will have to swear to love her and support her till death?" the doctor thundered.

The youth turned pale, wavered, and said "he hadn't thought of that."

"Boy, you should get out of this match, or you'll be sorry. Speak quick. Shall I tell her you will not marry her?"

"Yes, please do, boss," answered the now terrified groom-elect.

And the marriage was "declared off" at once.

“Captain Greatheart.”

CHAPTER XVI.
"CAPTAIN GREATHEART."

HOW DR. BROOKES CURED A WIFE-BEATER.

ONCE A weak, trembling woman came to him and said that she was in mortal terror of her husband, a river pilot. (This was in the "palmy days" of steamboating on western rivers). She said he was kind to her generally; but at the end of his trip he always got drunk, and then he would beat her until he was tired.

He had given her one beating too many, and the "worm had turned." But before seeking a lawyer to draw up a petition for divorce on grounds of cruelty, she decided—as hundreds of other St. Louisans did when in dire distress—to consult with Dr. Brookes.

After she had told him her sad story, he said:

"Where is your husband's boat now?"

"He will be at Cairo on his way up, day after to-morrow," she replied.

"All right; you have a letter there to meet him. Don't do anything more until I see you again.

"Tell him Dr. Brookes says that before he beats his wife again he wants to be informed as to the time. He has never seen a man beat a woman. It will be a new experience. Tell him that Dr. Brookes intends to be present the next time the beating takes place."

A few days later a shamefaced man called at the pastoral residence and meekly requested to see Dr. Brookes.

"I got the letter, Doctor, and I have come to tell you that I will never beat my wife again." The pilot was kindly met.

"You see, Doctor," he said, "I never would beat her if I wasn't drunk, and I'm going to quit drinking. I never felt so mean in my life as when I read that letter."

A long, serious talk followed. Soon after, that pilot was a sincere convert of Dr. Brookes'. The Bible was never out of his pilot-house; and he sought to master its contents as he had the channels of the Mississippi. Within the past three years a Mississippi pilot bore testimony to Dr. Brookes as to the sincerity of this quondam wife-beater and drunkard's conversion. He told Dr. Brookes that the man

never drank again, gave up swearing, and was known and respected as a sincere Christian all along the river.

His widow, who was a member of the Washington and Compton Avenue Church, bequeathed the bulk of her estate—having no children—to the church, at her death, a short time ago. That was her expression of gratitude to Dr. Brookes.

WAR-TIME MEMORIES.

During the troublous times in St. Louis in the early 60's—referred to in another chapter—there were many amusing recollections for Dr. Brookes, paradoxical as it may seem in view of some of the very trying experiences he had.

An honored officer in the Washington and Compton Avenue Church to-day was then a young Major at the front, in the Confederate army. He was a member of the Second Church under Dr. Brookes' pastorate. A certain fellow member of the church, now deceased, was an ardent Northern man. He advocated a trial before the session of Mr. ———, because of his connection with the Southern army.

One of the session, who possessed a fund

of common sense only equalled by his dry humor, gravely remarked:

"All right; we will try him before the session. But he must be 'personally served' with a notice. I move that our friend who suggests the trial be appointed to serve the notice on the young officer, by passing through the Rebel lines."

Pictures of flying shell and shot flashed before the said complainant. He turned ashy pale, and the "churching" stopped then and there, as when a rapid bullet strikes an oak.

Another story he told was of a Presbyterian minister who at the opening of the war lived in St. Louis. This gentleman was a strong Northern man. One day an alarming rumor came of the approach of a certain much-feared Southern officer with his band of roughs. This pastor took quick leave astride of an old white mule.

"The last view of him," Dr. Brookes used to say, "was a rear view. His long legs almost touched the ground. But he tried to spur the old mule at every step." Had the gentleman waited he would have found that his panic was a needless one.

BROOKES VS. BRIGGS.

One of the most striking events of the Briggs case, before the General Assembly at Washington, was an impromptu debate Dr. Brookes and Prof. Briggs had in the elevator of a Washington hotel, which would have made a good newspaper "story" at the time.

By chance Dr. Brookes went to the hostelry which was later recognized as the headquarters of the Briggs' following. Dr. Brookes was about the only orthodox Presbyterian in the hotel. It was inevitable that the two noted men would meet. Sure enough, one day, they almost ran into each other in the elevator. There was a courteous though formal exchange of greetings, and then Prof. Briggs said, at once:

"Look here, Brookes, why are you always attacking me in your *Truth?*"

Dr. Brookes gave his reason boldly. He felt that Briggs was assailing the foundations on which the Bible rested, and he said so. He then proceeded to prove his charge by quoting word for word—giving page, and number of lines from the top of the page—the most heterodox sentences from Briggs' book. (The professor then learned something of that famous memory.)

There could be no reply, so Briggs took an *ad hominem* tack: "Well," he replied, "I do not attack you because of your pre-millennialism."

"Look here, Briggs," replied the St. Louisan, "I want you, and everyone, to know that the minute the Presbyterian Church says that pre-millennialism is in the slightest degree a heresy, I and the Presbyterian Church at once part company. And no trial will be necessary, I assure you."

That was a palpable hint and thrust, forsooth.

Then the party left the elevator.

There certainly was no doubt about Dr. Brookes' assault on the teachings—never the personality—of Briggs and his satellites. His *Truth* editorials, and many pages of "God Spake all these Words," flayed them. And the sturdy blows long stung, as the elevator incident showed. But there were no assaults on the man or the men.

Figuratively, Dr. Brookes, the attorney for Orthodoxy, had too good a "case" for that. It is admitted that, moved to righteous indignation, he smote the liberals hip and thigh.

He did not waste time in palaver and

tossing handfuls of grass. He hurled rocks where rocks were needed.

His conscience and his judgment justified him, and man's criticism, therefore availed nothing.

A LOVER OF NATURE.

All his life Dr. Brookes loved nature and "sought the open," though he did not find "sermons in stones," and ridiculed scientists who said they did.

He was a hunter and fisherman of marked prowess when a young man. While he gave up hunting during his early ministry, he always was a keen fisherman.

During the earlier years of his ministry in St. Louis his vacations were short and far between. He rarely took but a month. And the summer when the cholera plague raged in St. Louis, he refused to leave his people. He bore the "burden and the heat" of those deadly days until he was threatened with the dread malady himself, and was not more than able to travel. He then was prevailed upon to save his useful life by seeking country air,

And, to return to the subject of summer outings, it was always his desire to seek green trees and running brooks, or the sea. He

detested hotel life, and fled from crowds. Yet eager pulpit committes always managed to find him immediately after his arrival "for his summer rest," however quiet and secluded the spot; and by means fair or foul finally argued him into preaching here or there for them, despite his family's protests. It was that which led his dear ones to take him, one summer, to an almost inapproachable island, where steamers rarely landed, in Lake Michigan.

During the summer of 1882, in St. Louis, Dr. Brookes was overcome by the heat, while making a pastoral round of visits. He lay unconscious during one night. Since that summer heat affected him greatly. He was forced to take longer rests in order to escape the trying summer weather of his chosen field of life-labor. When he worked there, after June 1st, he was in constant danger of another heat prostration. Yet work at that risk he often did.

A SWORD-CANE EPISODE.

Dr. Brookes had an experience on his return from his bridal tour which affected his whole life.

The young couple had entered a crowded car en route to Dayton. One vacant seat was found—vacant except for a small package.

"Is this seat engaged?" asked Dr. Brookes of the persons just behind it.

"No," they replied.

He laid the bundle down and Mrs. Brookes and he seated themselves.

A moment later a man hustled into the car, went to the seat in question and said, angrily:

"Didn't you see that bundle. This is my seat. You are no gentleman to have taken it."

Dr. Brookes had been seated in a crouched down attitude. The insulter evidently thought him a small man. Near at hand was a sword-cane which had just been presented to Dr. Brookes by an uncle.

In an instant he leaped to his full height. His face was white with rage; his eyes were blazing.

"Sit down, you scoundrel," thundered Dr. Brookes at the then terrified intruder.

The young wife laid her hand on her husband. In a moment he was calm. (The intruder had meanwhile slunk out of the car.)

Dr. Brookes often said that but for his wife's action he believed he might have run the insulter through with his weapon, for his temper was quick and fiery. He felt deeply

humiliated by his public display of rage, and never forgot the lesson. From that day, for forty-three years, his wife never heard him give way to temper and raise his voice in anger.

A MEMORABLE HUNTING TRIP.

Once in his early pastorate he was out camping with a party of hunters. At bedtime, in the midst of the general laughter and confusion — without any ostentation — the young St. Louis divine began to read his Bible, and when he was through he politely requested silence for a short time while he knelt in prayer.

The men of the world—for it was not a party of ministers by any means—were hushed in a moment.

The scene made a great impression on one young man. He was so attracted by the manly young minister-woodsman's consistency that he asked to be allowed to join in the Bible reading the next night. The others did likewise. Soon the question "What shall I do to be saved?" was asked, and the one who had first been allowed to join in Dr. Brookes' devotions became a Christian. He always said that Dr. Brookes' practice of his preaching under those trying circumstances led him to take this step.

Once while walking on the porch of a hotel in Colorado, Dr. Brookes was accosted by another guest, also a St. Louisan.

"Dr. Brookes," said the man, "that woman over there made me swear," (pointing to an acquaintance.) "A fly was bothering her; she kept brushing it away in vain. So I swore for her, as she couldn't, being a lady."

"My friend, I have a little black book in my pocket which I would like to read to you, if you will permit me."

"Certainly."

Dr. Brookes then took out of his pocket a copy of the New Testament which he always carried with him, and read a few verses to the St. Louisan.

The next day the two men met again.

"Have you got that little black book with you now, Doctor?"

"Yes, I always carry it."

"Well, I wish you would read some more of it to me."

Dr. Brookes did so, and the man's eyes filled with tears.

Not long after this man died in St. Louis.

He was a member of a prominent Roman Catholic family. But at his last moment he commanded them to send for Dr. Brookes,

and with him at his side made his peace with God.

Such experiences of Dr. Brookes might fill this book. These have been given to throw light on his many-sided life and work. Like St. Paul, he was "all things to all men."

HE HAD BEEN A DOUBTER.

Dr. Brookes went through deep waters in his early Christian experiences. His diary shows that. At times the foundations of his faith were shaken, and he went through all that the infidel does. But he came out victorious, never again to be troubled himself, and a bulwark to all who were in such perplexity.

His bitter experiences were used to great good in later life. He knew the workings of the minds of the skeptics he reasoned with. Many of them testified that he only, of all the ministers they ever talked with, could appeal to them. Scores were led to faith by him.

Looking Backward.

CHAPTER XVII.
LOOKING BACKWARD.

ON FEBRUARY 18, 1883, Dr. Brookes preached a striking sermon on 1 Cor. ii. 1, 2.

Its title was "Twenty-five years in the Master's Service." This was preached at the Washington and Compton Avenue Church.

In the discourse he reviewed his long years of duty in St. Louis. Fortunately, it was printed, being one of the few sermons of later years which he wrote out.

It recalls in an interesting manner the facts of his St. Louis pastorate up to that time, and also presents an outline picture of the city's general religious history.

"TWENTY-FIVE YEARS IN THE MASTER'S
SERVICE."

"And I, brethren, when I came to you, came not with excellency of speech or of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of God. For I determined not to know anything

among you, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified."—I Cor. ii. 1-2.

"Precisely twenty-five years ago this text suggested the theme of my first sermon in St. Louis, on the Lord's day, as pastor-elect of the Second Presbyterian Church. Arriving in the city the Friday evening previous, and impatient to end a long and wearisome journey, I left the omnibus at the corner of Fourth and Market, and walked down the icy street to the residence of Judge Gamble; who had kindly invited me to become his guest. Well do I recall the oppressive sense of loneliness, of conscious insufficiency for the pastoral charge of a church that had enjoyed the ministry of the sainted Dr. Potts, and of Dr. Rice, who was, in my estimation, 'the prince of preachers;' and the sadness was increased by the thought that I had left a people who were very near to my heart. But these melancholy reflections were scattered by the unexpected appearance of Gen. Edwards, Mr. Joseph Powell and Mr. Charles D. Drake, who met me in the street with the welcome intelligence that prayer had been offered in my behalf; that an unusual interest pervaded the congregation; and that service had been appointed for that evening. After supper we proceeded to the church

building, which then stood on the corner of Fifth and Walnut; and those assembled were addressed from the words, 'Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption,' Eph. iv. 30.

"At the close of the service all who desired to be saved were invited to remain for prayer and conversion, and three persons accepted the invitation.

"Three of our present session and a number of others worshipping with us to-day, are the fruits of the revival which followed that first meeting.

"On the succeeding Lord's day the text was selected which is chosen this morning, because it embodied the aim of my ministry and the purpose of my coming to St. Louis: 'And I, brethren, when I came to you, came not with excellency of speech or of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of God. For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified.' How poorly this aim has been accomplished; how feebly and imperfectly this purpose has been executed, no one can understand as well as myself. Indeed, it is with unaffected shame and sorrow my thoughts run over these twenty-five years, reviewing so many failures; so

many mixed and unhallowed motives; so many words which should never have been uttered; so many hours of idleness; so many doubts and fears and seasons of unbelief and of sore spiritual conflict with the world, the flesh and the devil; so many weak and unworthy attempts to preach the Gospel, that memory alone would drive me from the pulpit into silence and despair were it not that God's sovereign and inexhaustible grace shall be glorified in my personal humiliations. Truly, in my case, the treasure has been committed to an earthen vessel, that the excellency of the power might be of Him, and not of me."

HIS PULPIT IDEAL.

"But He is my witness also that it has been my wish to keep that first text constantly in view; not seeking to please men, but Christ; not striving to be popular, but to preach the truth; not laboring to exhibit excellency of speech or of wisdom, but declaring the testimony of the written Word in all simplicity and sincerity. Let me add that just so far, and only so far, as I have foolishly yielded to temptation to depart from the text, are the recollections of my ministry bitter and painful; *and let me express the conviction, which is far more profound than it was a quarter of a century ago, that it*

is the one absorbing, entire, and exclusive duty and privilege of the preacher of the Gospel to declare the testimony of God plainly, boldly and faithfully, and to know nothing among his people 'save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified.'

" * * Let me briefly trace the history of this church through the twenty-five years now closing. During the greater part of this long period it has been a somewhat turbulent history, for we have lived in stormy times. First, after a year or two of unparalleled political excitement, the civil war began in 1861; and nowhere did it burst with greater violence than in this State and city. Scarcely had it ceased before the singularly unwise action of the General Assembly in 1865 led to the publication of a vigorous protest, known as the 'Declaration and Testimony.' This paper was regarded by those in ecclesiastical authority as schismatical in its tendency, and wanting in proper respect to the highest court of the church; and the General Assembly which met in St. Louis in 1866, after a fierce discussion of many days, excluded those who had signed it from their seats in that body, and passed upon them a severe sentence. The action of the Assembly was followed by the formation of the Independent Synod of Missouri, with which our church became identified, although several of

our members who were in warm sympathy with the Assembly in its political legislation withdrew from our connection. The church remained in this independent attitude until 1874, when the Assembly, that again met in St. Louis, unanimously adopted the principles for which we had contended, and acted in a manner so Christian and generous that the great body of our people felt that the strife ought to end. There were some, however, who preferred to be in the Southern Assembly; and when the church finally united with the Northern Presbytery these withdrew.* *”

SOME FACTS AND FIGURES.

“Amid all these commotions God has never left Himself without a witness that His Spirit was with us, although it was of the Lord’s mercies that we were not consumed. There has never been a communion season—which occurs every two months—when we did not receive one or more into our number. I find from a printed sermon of mine, delivered on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the organization of the Second Presbyterian Church, that from the 18th of February, 1858, to April, 1864, there were received 184 by confession of faith and 154 by letter, making a total of 338. The Walnut Street Church was organized

July 4, 1864, and at the same meeting called me to be the pastor. My last sermon in the Second Church was preached July 8, 1864, and the following Wednesday evening my ministry began in the Walnut Street Church. From that time until the delivery of my last sermon in the building on the corner of Sixteenth and Walnut streets, April 27, 1879, there were received 869 upon confession and 604 by letter, making a total of 1,473. The ground upon which this building stands was broken for the foundation July 4, 1877; the corner stone was laid October 27, 1877; our first service in the lecture-room was held May 4, 1879; and our first service in the room in which we are assembled to-day, December 5, 1880. In the period of less than four years since we came to our present place of worship we have received 173 upon confession and 157 by letter, making a total of 330, or 2,141 in all, showing an average increase of nearly two for every week during the twenty-five years.

“While we met for public worship on the corner of Sixteenth and Walnut the church raised for building purposes \$84,987, for current expenses \$132,082.54, and for benevolent work \$47,571.79. To this should be added nearly \$40,000 raised by the ladies for the

support of the Presbyterian Home. Since the occupancy of this building we have raised in cash \$65,278 for current expenses and the payment of the church debt, and given away \$4,906 to help forward the work of the Lord in other places. To this must be added \$8,511.97 made or contributed by the ladies, who have labored faithfully and continually.

"We have always sustained mission Sunday-schools, three of which are now conducted by our people; and for much of the time city missionaries have been supported to carry the Gospel to the poor. Two of our members are now laboring in the foreign field among the heathen, and about twenty young men, during the twenty-five years, have gone forth to preach the Word as pastors or evangelists. * *"

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

"One of the most impressive lessons learned in these twenty-five years is the littleness of every man's life.

"Of all the pastors who were here when I came to St. Louis but two remain. Those of most note were Dr. Nelson, of the First Presbyterian Church; Dr. S. J. P. Anderson, of the Central Church; Dr. McPheeters, of the Pine Street Church; Dr. Porter, of the Union

Church; Dr. Boyle, of the First Methodist Church; Mr.—afterwards Bishop—Marvin, of the Centenary Methodist Church; Bishop Hawks, of the Episcopal Church; Dr. Post of the Congregational Church; and Dr. G. Anderson, of the Second Baptist Church.

“I have attended about 500 funerals, and among them the obsequies of distinguished citizens, as Thos. H. Benton, Gov. Gamble, Joseph Charless, Gen. Blair and others; and, although a great crowd thronged the streets as the procession moved on to the dirge of martial music, or followed the sable plumes of the hearse, it often recalled the words of the Psalmist, ‘Behold, Thou hast made my days as an hand-breadth, and mine age is as nothing before Thee. Verily, every man at his best state is altogether vanity. Selah. Surely every man walketh in a vain show; surely they are disquieted in vain; He heapeth up riches and knoweth not who shall gather them. And now, Lord, what wait I for? My hope is in Thee.’

“The session of the Second Church was, in some respects, a remarkable body twenty-five years ago. Judge Gamble, a man of rare wisdom, and simple faith, and sustained consecration, who bound me to him with hooks of

steel; Archibald Gamble, who was an earnest believer in the pre-millennial coming of the Lord before I saw 'that blessed hope' shining through the gloom; Wyllis King, so bright and genial, and gifted in prayer; Joseph Powell, full of gentleness and kindness; John Simonds, who, as if with a premonition of death, tenderly shook hands with every member of the session the evening preceding the collision on the Iron Mountain Railroad by which he was instantly killed Thos. H. West, Gen. Edwards, Chas D. Drake and Eustace H. Smith were the ruling elders. Mr. Drake is Chief Justice of the Court of Claims, in Washington City; and Mr. Smith resides in Peoria, Ill. Of the session chosen at the organization of the Walnut Street Church none have been called up higher except our beloved brother, James L. Sloss, whose absence my heart keenly feels this morning. But, oh! how many have been removed from other circles. There is scarcely a pew occupied by those who have been with us for even a few years, from which some one has not gone out to return no more. From one pew a father, from another a mother, from another a husband, from another a precious child; and heaven is growing richer and earth poorer so fast.

“ ‘They’re gathering homeward from every
land;

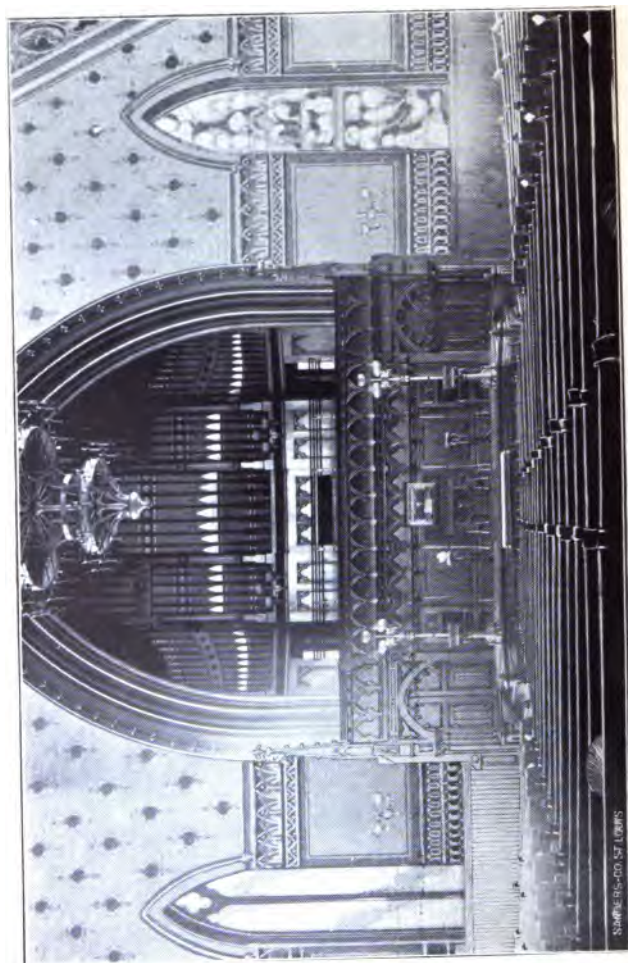
As their weary feet touch the shining strand
They rest with the Saviour, they wait their
crown,

Their travel-stained garments are all laid down;
They wait the white raiment the Lord shall
prepare

For all who the glory with Him shall share.

One by one, one by one, fording the river one
by one,

Gath’ring home, gath’ring home, yes, one by
one.’ ”



Auditorium, Washington and Compton Avenue Church.

SHAWNEE 95-00, S.F. JONES

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE PASTOR EVERITTUS.

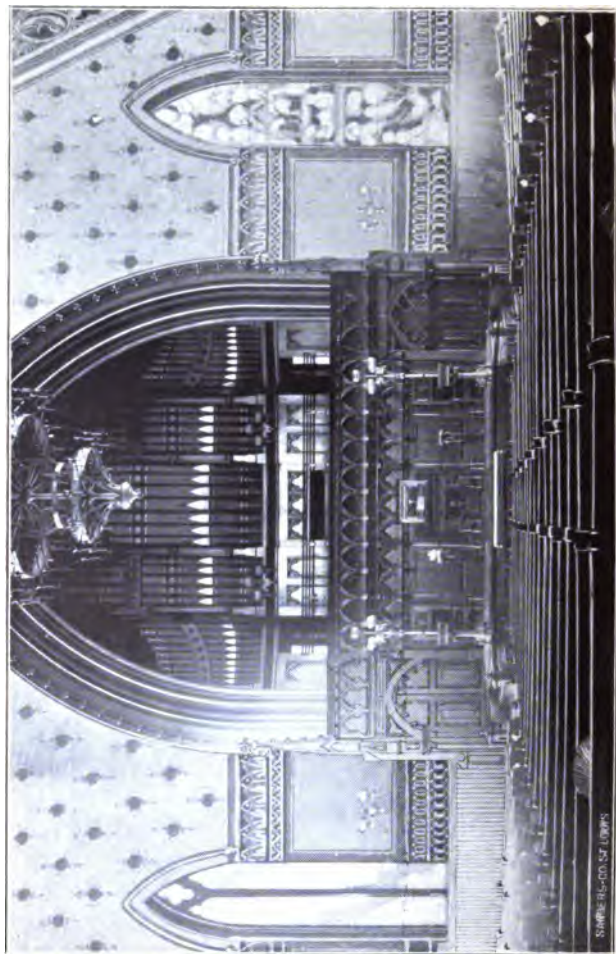
It has been found among the papers of Dr. Brooks the following which was alluded to the memorial sermon quoted in the preceding chapter.

The statement shows the results of Dr. Brooks' labors in his church from February 18, 1833, to October 16, 1894.

It is reproduced in full:

"The sermon" (that which has just been preached) was preached February 18, 1833. At that date there had been received into connection with the church 2,141 persons, and in the last ten years, including April 1894, there were received 613 by confession of faith, making a total of 2,754.

During the period we worshipped in the building on the corner of Sixteenth and Washington streets, and up to the date of the preaching of the printed sermon, there was contributed and disbursed the sum of \$383,134.



Auditorium, Washington and Compton Avenue Church.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE PASTOR EMERITUS.

THERE has been found among the papers of Dr. Brookes the following, which was attached to the memorial sermon quoted in the preceding chapter.

This datum shows the results of Dr. Brookes' labors in his church from February 18, 1883, to October 16, 1894.

It is reproduced in full:

"The sermon" (that which has just been quoted), "was preached February 18, 1883. Up to that date there had been received into connection with the church 2,141 persons, and during the last ten years, including April 1, 1893, there were received 613 by confession and letter, making a total of 2,754.

"During the period we worshipped in the building on the corner of Sixteenth and Walnut streets, and up to the date of the preaching of this printed sermon, there was contributed and disbursed the sum of \$383,334.

Within these past ten years the people have given to various objects at least \$200,000, making a total of \$583,334.

"Within these last ten years the pastor has edited ten volumes of *The Truth*, and written and published 'THE MYSTERY OF SUFFERING,' 'TILL HE COME,' 'CHAFF AND WHEAT,' 'THE BIBLE UNDER FIRE,' and 'THE CHRIST.'

"JAMES H. BROOKES."

Dr. Brookes struggled against ill-health during the final years of his pastorate. But he kept up to his full work, never sparing himself, until, one Sunday morning, he gave evidence of being on the verge of an immediate physical break-down.

A severe attack of la grippe had prostrated him, and left behind the seeds of a fatal malady.

For the first time in his life, this Sunday morning, he found that the Scriptural texts did not flow as readily from his tongue as air from his nostrils.

That was, indeed, an alarming sign to his church officers. One of them hastened up to him at the close of the sermon, and said:

"This won't do, Doctor; you must stop and go away for a rest."

"I must wait until the communion, next Sunday."

"No, you must not wait for anything; you must stop right here."

A very short time after, Dr. Brookes was in Asheville, N. C., where he spent some time during the winter. He had pleasant companions, did not work, and was out of doors most of the time—frequently riding horseback.

He returned to St. Louis greatly strengthened, and plunged into his work again.

But it soon became evident to all that he must have relief, and plans were made to secure an assistant pastor.

Rev. George T. Eddy, a young pastor of Beverly, N. J., was chosen to do this work.

He was a faithful, consecrated and scholarly young preacher. He assumed all of the burdens upon his shoulders that Dr. Brookes would let him bear. During the summer he did the entire church work. The relation between the old and young minister was as that of a father and son.

Later, circumstances led to Dr. Brookes' resignation from the pulpit he had honored so many years.

At an enthusiastic meeting of the congre-

gation, Dr. Brookes was made "Pastor Emeritus," and Mr. Eddy was named as Stated Supply of the pulpit.

This arrangement was continued for some time, Dr. Brookes preaching in the morning whenever his health permitted. Occasionally he conducted both services. In addition to his regular church services, he was also called on for many other duties—special sermons, Bible readings, and the like. He frequently went to such meetings when not physically able. It was always hard for him to say "no" when asked to give a Bible reading.

A true story which is apropos, is part of the family history. He had gone abroad for a change, to soothe some very tired nerves and seek respite from insomnia. After some recuperation he attended the Mildmay Conference. There he was continually surrounded by eager questioners, Bible in hands. Then he went over upon the continent, to Kissingen. Here, at last, thought his anxious wife, there will be no Bible students to tire him and counteract the good effect of the trip.

But, alas, she soon saw that she had reckoned without her host. Dr. Brookes' fame had preceded him, and numerous English visitors had gathered about him; and the usual program was being carried out.

Then and there the loving, gentle wife rebelled. She declared that she would pack her trunks and go right back to St. Louis if he did not promise instant reform.

He "reformed."

LAST EVANGELISTIC SERVICES.

After he became Pastor Emeritus, Dr. Brookes was able to accept invitations to do evangelistic work in various sections of the land, which heretofore his stated duties in the pastorate had made impossible.

While his health was not good, yet he seemed to enjoy the work, and there was a stimulus in the meeting of so many new, zealous friends which seemed more beneficial than medicine. So, charging him to be careful, his family consented to his accepting some of the many invitations that came to him.

He conducted special meetings on the Pacific Coast, in Michigan, in Kansas City, in Minneapolis, and elsewhere, with marked success; all within the two years preceding his death. He came home the better, if anything, for this work.

What seemed to wear him out was night work of various kinds in his own city. He attended many special services in inaccessible parts at great cost to his physical well-being.

Just previous to the break-down which caused his sojourn at Stafford Springs, Miss., he had preached for ten nights; then he had held a special service in East St. Louis. He was in the midst of other evangelistic work in his city when he became ill and was forced to stop all work for a time.

HIS BURDENSOME CORRESPONDENCE.

Another duty which he faithfully, conscientiously and laboriously performed, was answering daily from six to a score of letters, some of them often demanding lengthy answers.

These letters came from all parts of the world, chiefly from those who had learned to know Dr. Brookes through hearing him at conferences, or by the reading of his books, or *The Truth*.

Many letters came from young preachers who wanted light on knotty points. Carefully and fully the letters would be answered. Sometimes this task took a good part of the day.

It actually seemed as if anyone who had anywhere heard anything in the nature of an uncommon attack on the Bible at once ran for paper and pen to tell Dr. Brookes of it, and to

ask for the proper answer with which to annihilate the skeptic who propounded it.

Often Dr. Brookes would be asked to "outline" sermons and addresses for ministers in all parts of the land, "because he knew so much about the Bible," while their ignorance of the special subject in hand would be frankly confessed. In this respect some startling facts might be told.

Masses of manuscript on works requiring expert knowledge of the Bible were frequently brought to him for revision or criticism. (Had he ever asked any remuneration—on the scale which "experts" in all other professions are paid—his income would have been colossal. But a "thank you" was all he ever expected, and occasionally that was lacking. All he had to will away were his books and his prayers for his grandchildren.)

He was deluged, too, with correspondence of a private nature on almost every conceivable subject. Everything seemed to be hurled at him via the U. S. mails—that is, everything but stamps for the reply.

His family believe that what helped largely to hasten his final collapse was his conscientious desire to answer all calls for

duty in the local field, and to respond promptly to his daily mass of correspondence.

He did both up to the week before his death, contrary to their earnest wishes.

They understand, of course, that no one knowingly would have burdened him so sorely. They understand equally well that his life and health were dear to thousands besides those of his own home circle.

DR. BROOKES' LAST SERMON.

The outline notes of the last sermon Dr. Brookes ever preached are here reproduced from a leaf in his Bible.

It was delivered with wonderful fervor, on Sunday morning, April 11, 1897. This is the only "manuscript" he had of it:

"THEY SHALL NEVER PERISH."—JNO. x. 28.

- I. ATONEMENT: Matt. xx. 28; xxvi. 28; Rom. v. 6; 1 Cor. xv. 3; 2 Cor. v. 21; Gal. i. 4; iii. 13; Eph. i. 7; 1 Peter ii. 24.
- II. FORGIVENESS: Luke v. 20; vii. 48; Acts x. 43; Col. ii. 13-15; 1 John i. 7; ii. 12; Ps. ciii. 12; Isa. xxxiii. 17; Micah vii. 19.
- III. INTERCESSION: Luke xxii. 32; John xvii. 20; Rom. viii. 34; Heb. iv. 14, 15; v. 20; vii. 24-26; 1 John ii. 1; Rev. viii. 3.
- IV. OMNIPOTENCE: Matt. xxviii. 12; John iii. 35; xiii. 3; xvii. 2; Eph. i. 20-22; Phil. ii. 9-11; Heb. i. 2; 1 Peter iii. 22; Dan. iv. 35.
- V. OMNISCIENCE: John ii. 24, 25; xvi. 30; xxi.

17; Matt. ix. 4; xii. 25; Acts i. 24; Heb. iv. 13; Rev. ii. 23.

VI. OMNIPRESENCE: Matt. xxviii. 20; xviii. 20; Mark xvi. 20; John xiv. 23; Acts xviii. 9, 10.

VII. UNCHANGING LOVE: John xiii. 1; xiv. 19; xv. 13; Rom. viii. 35-37; Phil. i. 6; 1 John iii. 15; Rev. i. 5, 6.

He might truly have been preaching his own funeral sermon. Immortality was the key note of the discourse.

At the close of that sermon it was observed by a member of his family that Dr. Brookes stopped in front of his pulpit and gazed carefully all around the great auditorium. Not a detail escaped him. His eyes rested on the window erected as a memorial for his eldest daughter, Etta.

Then he looked at the retreating congregation. When the last one had departed he turned slowly and thoughtfully into his study.

He said nothing about this uncommon deed; for his dear ones never before saw him do as he did that Sunday. But they have often wondered if he had not some premonition that it was his last sermon.

HIS FINAL TESTIMONY.

The last address Dr. Brookes ever made was on the Sunday evening before he died.

He recalled in a personal testimony service some very trying youthful experiences which he had passed through. These were his days of doubt; the days when he almost gave up his Christianity.

Those who heard him were thrilled. Had they but known what a week was to bring forth how carefully would every word have been taken down and preserved for all time.

But, as always was the case, the address was made without manuscript and only the spirit of the burning testimony, not its letter, remains as a cherished memory.

The text he brought to this testimony service was, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." (He had announced in the morning that each one was expected to bring some verse of Scripture which meant something special to them in the light of their religious experience.)

He spoke very plainly that night. It seemed, he said, as if during those dark days of youthful doubt, he had lost his faith utterly. Everything was gone. He told his intimates of his mental state. They reasoned

with him, but it seemed to bring no relief. Then a prayer-meeting was held in his room by a few close friends.

There, suddenly, he testified, the light broke and the dark clouds of doubt were dispelled.

One student, he said, had been the special means of leading him back into his former attitude of mind. He mentioned no name and in all probability that student has passed away.

He gave for the last time his clear, unmistakable testimony to "the faith that was in him."

It was his fitting "Finis" in that old, familiar pulpit. He closed the Bible, and descended the accustomed pulpit stairs, never again to be ascended by him.

The following Sunday morning he "fell asleep in Jesus."

But not even from an earthly stand-point did Dr. Brookes' earthly ministry really cease that Sunday night.

While the Bible is venerated, and while books about the Bible are read, his name will be honored among the children of men; while his ministry, through the multitudes of earnest

souls he has saved, and through the printed page, will go on and on unto the shores of Eternity.

Translated.

7

CHAPTER XIX. TRANSLATED.

AT SUNRISE on Easter Sunday, April 18, 1897, the Rev. James Hall Brookes, D. D., died, aged 67 years, 1 month and 22 days.

At his bed-side were his wife, his three married daughters, their husbands, and his sister.*

As a tired child might sink to sleep in utmost peace, without a murmur or a struggle, the good and great man was translated. His death—as his life—was a sermon.

On his way home from church Sunday night, April 11, he began to feel ill. The next morning he was in a very serious condition, and the worst was anticipated by his physician and life-long friend, Dr. Lemoine.

He seemed to improve on Wednesday,

*Mrs. Henrietta Brookes Treadway, who died after a long and painful illness, patiently borne, Oct. 29, 1897, at the home of her sister-in-law. She was interred by the side of her husband at Pulaski, Tenn.

and hope was not given up until the Saturday following. That night the physician told the family to prepare for the worst. At midnight all gathered about his bedside and were with him until the end.

All through his last illness, while wholly or partially conscious, he was heard to quote Scripture; and his last recognizable words were: "It cometh by the way of the East, the glory—as it is in Ezekiel"—the rest of the sentence could not be caught.

He seemed to be wholly free from pain; much of the time he was asleep or semi-asleep. But however drowsy he was he recognized his dear wife as she constantly ministered to him.

Many were struck by the triumphant majesty and spiritual beauty of the face of the dead. To some it seemed as if thirty years had been rolled backward, and he was before them the Doctor Brookes they had known when in his splendid meridian of life.

A gray-haired minister, after gazing upon the form of his old friend, said: "Look at that, and then say there is nothing in Christianity!"

Similar were the impressions of a little

grandchild. "It didn't look like grandpa," he confided to his mother; "it looked just like an angel."

For his funeral service and burial Dr. Brookes had left plainest directions in his will. These were:

"It is my particular request that at my funeral no oration, nor eulogy, nor a word about myself shall be uttered. Let some minister, or other friend, read 2 Cor. v. 1-10; 1 Cor. xv; 1 Thess. iv. 13-18; Rev. xxi. 1-7. This, and nothing more."

Like everything else of his, Dr. Brookes' will was characteristic. This document he drew up in April, 1896. He began his testament thus:

"It is my wish to state, as a preamble, my faith in the inerrant inspiration of the sacred Scriptures, in the atoning blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, and in the hope of His coming again.

"My library is left to my children, each selecting such books as they may desire. The rest of the books may be presented to some poor and faithful preacher, or preachers, at their discretion."

He then gave directions for his simple

funeral service which have already been quoted. There followed directions concerning his grave. His wish, which has been faithfully carried out, was:

"A plain granite slab, not less than four inches thick, shall cover both graves—(that where his widow shall rest, and his own).

"The foundation must be deep, and strong and immovable as any human work can be. Entirely across the face of the granite slab, covering both graves, cut the words:

"'Having lived together in love for forty-three years, they sleep together in hope until the morning of the Resurrection; when they shall be caught up together in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall they ever be with the Lord.'"

Then came words to be lovingly remembered by his dear ones: "My great desire is that my children and their husbands, and the little ones whom God has given them, may perform faithfully the work to which they are called in the world, and that we may all meet, without the loss of one, in the Everlasting Home which Christ has gone on before to prepare for His people, redeemed by His precious blood."

THE LAST HONORS.

The great auditorium of the church in which he had ministered for thirty-nine years was crowded before the hour set for the services. In the rear hundreds were standing. Others could not even get into the auditorium.

There were scores present to whom Dr. Brookes had gently and faithfully ministered in their own hours of woe. And those now "wept with those who wept."

The officers of the church had ordered the church fittingly draped and embellished; and the floral artisans themselves seemingly strove to do their duty perfectly.

Before the pulpit which had been erected for him, that which was mortal of the great man was brought.

A blanket of beautiful roses, the gift of the three daughters, completely covered the coffin. Only those flowers were laid upon it.

When Dr. Meade C. Williams announced the words of direction which the dead pastor had left concerning his funeral service, many of the vast audience must have felt some surprise or disappointment—at first.

But soon the friends saw that they were mistaken, and that there was grandeur in the

very simplicity of the service. It is not easy to imagine any funeral more impressive, more uplifting.

Dr. Brookes had never extolled himself in life, nor sought human encomiums; and in death he desired no formal praise. He must have known, to some extent at least, in how many homes and hearts he had won a place. He must have foreseen, modest as he always was, that among the multitudes who loved and admired him heart would speak to heart when his end came. The fellow pastors read the favorite passages of Scripture; hymns Dr. Brookes had loved were sung; fervent prayers were offered, and the solemn memorial service was over.

It was a clear, beautiful day. The cortege wound its course to the Bellefontaine Cemetery in the sunshine.

The reading of a few verses of Scripture and a touching prayer were heard at the grave.

"Well done, thou good and faithful servant," said Dr. Farris, as he turned from the side of his old companion; and every one in the throng about the family burial site echoed his saying in the heart.

Soon, rarest and simplest flowers, the

gifts of the high and the lowly—of all creeds and no creeds—were placed in beautiful profusion over the grave.

The sun was sinking as the stricken dear ones left him. As they turned and looked backward its rays suddenly burst in splendor upon the very spot, glorifying the trees above and the flowers below as with a halo.

And, spite of tears, peace was in the air, and in their souls.

“O grave, where is thy victory;
O death, where is thy sting?”

FINIS.

Appendix.

CONTRIBUTORS.

President Ethelbert D. Warfield, Lafayette College, Pa.

Rev. Dr. H. M. Parsons, Toronto.

Prof. W. G. Moorehead, Theological Seminary, Xenia, Ohio.

Rev. W. J. Erdman, Germantown, Pa.

Prof. Benj. B. Warfield, Princeton Theological Seminary.

Prof. D. C. Marquis, McCormick Theological Seminary.

Samuel W. Barber, Clerk of Session, Washington & Compton Ave. Church.

Robert U. Garrett, Asheville, N. C., and other friends.

DR. BROOKES' PERSONALITY.

There is probably no force or combination of forces in human character so admirable as that which we sum up in saying that a man has a strong personality. And when that personality is constantly exerted for righteousness, we have the noblest of earthly influences. From my earliest acquaintance with Doctor Brookes I was impressed with the tremendous force of his personality. It was never a question merely of what he thought, or knew, or felt, it was ever what he was. His thinking, feeling, knowing, were all fused into his personality, and he exerted that personality under the influence of the Holy Spirit for the service of God.

It was my privilege to know him very intimately and to be bound to him by a very close and tender tie, and it is a pleasure to testify to the largeness and breadth, the simplicity and consistency of his nature. It is hard to say whether the strongest impression he made upon me was that of a singularly simple and sincere man, or of a man of great energy and force. Simplicity is the unfailing mark of truly great men, and he had it in a very high degree. It was seen in his love for the companionship of little children, in his abounding sympathy, in his impatience of sham. The forcefulness of his character breathed in his every movement; and but for the sincerity and simplicity of his life might easily have overbalanced his other qualities. As it was, in life, in speech, in the abundant fruitage of his pen, he bore a strong and assuring testimony to the truth whose minister he was.

Such a life as his was in itself "a gospel for an age of doubt." His faith was not only sublime, it was contagious. His frank and fearless mind not only cherished no mental reservations, but sought no subtle and uncertain forms of expression. Those who heard him know that he had given all he was wholly, absolutely, to the dear Lord who died for him.

Not only was this so, but he was able, as few men are, to give a reason for the faith that was in him. His mastery of

the English Bible was almost unique. His Bible readings were convincing, consoling, compelling in their richness, completeness and consistency. He knew what he was seeking to set forth, he knew where the evidence was to be found, and he knew how to present it. Herein his large and logical mind found ample scope and was scarcely less effective than in the greater field of the pulpit in which he was so conspicuously blessed by the love of his people and the favor of his God.

As I think of him, the words which Tennyson uses in speaking of Lazarius rise in my mind:

"Behold a man raised up by Christ."

Not from the grave, but from sin and worldliness, was he raised up to the full stature of the man who in Jesus Christ lives and labors. Such might have been the daily comment on his life.

ETHELBERT D. WARFIELD.

Lafayette College.

"A FAITHFUL PROPHET."*

Dr. Brookes was a man of noble personal qualities, and most tender and affectionate in all social relations. For twenty years our acquaintance was most intimate, and chiefly in searching and seeking the meaning of the prophetic Scriptures. He has been the means of reaching and saving many who were in darkness and sorrow, through his most faithful gospel teachings, and especially by the words of sympathy and comfort to mourners he so frequently and tenderly expressed.

He has always and with notable power vindicated the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, in their original tongues, to be the very words of the Holy Spirit by the men who wrote and spake them, and thus to be eternally the Word of God.

*This, and some other articles in the appendix, appeared in the memorial number (June, '97) of *The Truth*.

In addition to this most valiant service, he always maintained the supreme authority of the Bible upon the individual conscience and life. His own life was a beautiful example of this. More than any one I ever knew, he had the Holy Scriptures verbally in memory, and could give in logical form the very words of the Bible, the best defence of the truth they reveal.

While he looked upon this present evil age with sincere pity for those who are deceived, and with cordial sympathy for those who are oppressed with griefs and sorrows, he could use a sternness and severity of rebuke in dealing with the enemies of faith which only could arise from his most intimate communion and personal acquaintance with the fundamental principles of truth and justice in the divine character.

The utterances of the ancient prophets who were commissioned by Jehovah to declare His judgments upon Israel and Judas for their transgressions, and especially for their worldly idolatry, found in his heart such meaning and such pertinent application to this present age, that he could not refrain from testifying as a faithful prophet of God to that which he knew, and which he saw in the church and the world of to-day. For this reason he was disliked and despised by many, who saw in his repeated testimony the condemnation and exposure of their fallacies and deceptive errors.

Though our dear brother is now at rest, his works will long remain to witness to the world his unswerving loyalty to God's revealed Word. The last "Notes by the Way" in April number of *Truth*, is more significant as connected with his departure to be with the Lord; and the familiar repetition of the "sevens," seems like a completion of a well rounded life.

"A sure reward," Ps. lviii. 11; Rom. iv. 5.

1. "The Lord Himself is the reward," Gen. xv. 1.
2. "Trusting in Him has a reward," Ruth ii. 12.
3. "Keeping the words of God has a reward," Ps. xix. 11.
4. "The persecuted for Christ's sake have a reward," Matt. v. 12.

5. "Self-denial has a reward," Matt. xvi. 24, 27.
6. "Humble service has a reward," Mark ix. 41.
7. "Sincere faith has a reward," Heb. xi. 6.

Truly in all his published works will be found such a clear and lucid use of the divine words, that it may be said of him, as of one of old, "by it he being dead yet speaketh."

H. M. PARSONS.

Toronto.

TWO MARKED CHARACTERISTICS.

* * Of the many thoughts that rush into the mind and almost clamor for utterance when one sits down to write of Dr. J. H. Brookes, only two must now be mentioned. One is, his absolute and unfaltering conviction of the inerrant truth of Scripture. To him the Bible was the very voice and words of the living God. All his life through, and especially in his later years, he stood for the doctrine of the plenary and verbal inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, where, alas! comparatively few now stand, even among those who are recognized as teachers and expounders of the word. He believed the Bible through and through. He repelled attacks upon it with all the power of his splendid manhood, but he never for an instant dreamed of apologizing for it. It was enough for him that "God spake all these words." Whether he could satisfactorily explain all its difficulties and apparent discrepancies or not was a secondary matter, for he well knew that there are depths in Scripture that no human mind, however acute and penetrating, can ever fully explain; but he could no more have offered an excuse for the Bible or for its form, than he could for the creation of the planet, or for the government of the universe.

Besides, he bowed to the authority of Scripture with a submissiveness of spirit which is rare indeed in these degenerate times. For mere human learning as such, for

science "falsely so called," for pride of intellect, and for the vaunted "progress" of the race, he had a sovereign contempt. * *

Another thing that distinguished Dr. Brookes was his feeling respecting *death*. It was a feeling somewhat peculiar to him, and quite remarkable. His own dying is not meant, nor that of any one dear to him. A personal fear of death did not oppress him more than others of the Lord's people. All we know of his last days on earth forbids the notion that he shrank from it, or was troubled by its approach. What is meant is, that he had what may be called a righteous indignation against death. To him as to no other we have ever known or heard preach the Gospel of the grace of God, death was an enemy, an implacable, inexorable foe! It was the symbol of the curse of sin, the wages of sin, the destroyer of all we love and cherish, the awful doom of the world. * * Some of us have seen his massive frame quiver with anguish when he spoke of it; his voice grow hoarse with suppressed emotion or choke with sobs. And with what thrilling, triumphant accents would his bell-like voice ring out the glad words of the Holy Ghost: "The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death!" It was this deep insight into the tremendous significance of death that made the blessed hope of the Lord's speedy coming a living and transcendently glorious event to him. He looked for the blessed return of Christ.

He has fallen asleep. Was he disappointed? No more than was Paul, who also waited and watched for the Lord; no more than multitudes in all the ages to the present, who likewise watched and waited. Asleep in Jesus, our brother does not cease to wait, perhaps all the more waits for that blessed day when his body shall be raised up and made like unto the body of the glory of the Lord Jesus. As one by one the saints pass away, with what pathetic longing do we say, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

WILLIAM G. MOOREHEAD.

Xenia, Ohio.

"THOSE WHO KNEW HIM BEST, LOVED HIM MOST."

About twenty-seven years ago I first met Dr. Brookes in a Christian Conference held in his church in St. Louis. Of those in attendance as speakers, three names have ever since been associated, in mind, as inseparable from a peculiar testimony and defence of the faith in its primitive and apostolic form; James Inglis, editor of *The Witness* and of *Waymarks in the Wilderness*; Charles Campbell, editor of *Grace and Truth*, and James H. Brookes, editor of *The Truth*.

In *The Truth* Dr. Brookes revealed himself in such characteristic features, that what he wrote was as to matter and manner very like what he was in public discourse in fearlessness and power, and in private intercourse in geniality and graciousness of spirit.

In him was a rare combination of the lion and the lamb. His exposure and denunciation of all he deemed contrary to the Word of God, the dignity of Christ and the calling of the church, showed one phase of his character; but his tender and touching testimony concerning the grace of God, the believer's assurance of salvation and "the blessed hope," revealed quite another. Many, however, who knew him only through his vigorous defence of the truth of the gospel and the integrity of the sacred Scriptures, can hardly understand how tender and sympathetic a heart beat in that manly form.

Often as he was charged with giving offence, none was more ready to ask forgiveness than he; but he also held the truth of the Bible and honor of Christ dearer than any human friendship or his own reputation or life.

Those who knew him best loved him most. As a leader in the Bible Conference with which he was identified from its beginning, he ever bore a marked and peculiar testimony. * * I shall ever thank God for the friendship and fellowship in Christ of one who must always be counted among "the worthies of the faith."

W. J. ERDMAN.

Germantown, Pa.

NO ANAEMIC CHRISTIAN.

In Dr. James H. Brookes the Christian church has lost one of its most faithful ministers, one of its most powerful advocates, and withal one of the most picturesque figures which have graced its pulpit in our generation.

Large in figure, commanding in carriage, fluent and forceful in speech, fired with intense convictions, infused with emotion, whether in pulpit or on platform his oratory not only caught the attention, but dominated the feelings and controlled the convictions of his audience. My own memory of him goes back nearly thirty years, when, as a student in Princeton College, I heard him preach occasionally to the college boys. We always heard him gladly; and we never heard him without profit to our spiritual life, or without searchings of heart and the fruitage of new endeavors after righteousness. * *

The intensity of the language in which he was wont to express himself was but the appropriate clothing of intense emotions rooted in intense convictions. With the voice of a lion and the vehemence of an Elijah, he united the simple faith of a child and the heart of a John. Like John, indeed, he was both a "son of thunder" and a "son of consolation." He could call down the fire of heaven on the heads of the Lord's enemies; but he knew also how to rest on the Lord's bosom, and how to say, "Little children, love one another."

Singlehearted devotion to the cause of Christ; indignation against those who assaulted it, whether in turret or foundation stone; intense sincerity and earnestness of purpose; have been the key-note of his character. His was no anaemic Christianity, and he had little patience with languid service in others. No one can tell the fruit of his labors. But surely the church is poorer that this fire has gone out from her midst; and there are hundreds throughout the length and breadth of the land who will miss the impulse and exhorting they were accustomed to expect from him.

BENJ. B. WARFIELD.

Princeton, N. J.

"A MARKED MAN."

James H. Brookes ranked high among the great and noble men of his generation. His splendid physique, his manly bearing, his lofty courage, his superb gifts of voice and pen, his fearless devotion to truth and duty, his supreme loyalty to Christ his sole Master and Lord, made him a marked man among his fellows.

What he believed he grasped and held with intensest force. His thought found no place for compromise of truth with error, of right with wrong. His love of truth was equalled only by his hatred of falsehood. His trenchant blows and strong denunciations were but the expression of his repudiation and abhorrence of every false way. Yet, notwithstanding the positiveness and strength of his convictions, and the unmistakable directness and force of his expression, he possessed a gentle disposition, an affectionate nature, a loving and gentle heart. In personal intercourse, he beautifully illustrated the meekness and gentleness of Christ. He was a most genial, helpful and agreeable companion.

His knowledge of the divine word was perhaps unequalled among the men of his time. But he not only carried the contents of the Word in his mind. He bore the spirit of it in his heart. It permeated his being, suppressing self and self-seeking, making him quickly sensitive and responsive to all that was generous and true and sincere, and arousing swift antagonism to all that was selfish, ambitious, or false. The contrast, however, between his rough handling of error and his tender teaching of the sincere, is not more marked than is the contrast between the dealings of Jesus with Pharisees and disciples. For the one, he had only the severe rebuke, the stern denunciation. For the other, he had only the helpfulness of sympathy, gentleness and strength.

The multitudes who have been helped by his expositions of divine truth will make his crown glorious with innumerable stars "at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ with all His saints."

D. C. MARQUIS.

McCormick Seminary.

DR. BROOKES IN THE SESSION.

Every pastor of a large city congregation feels the need of a body of men in official connection with him, appointed to be his helpers in the work, on whom he may lean for support and with whom he may confer freely at all times in regard to the interests of the church. Such a group stood by Dr. Brookes as pastor of the Walnut Street, afterwards the Washington and Compton Avenue Church, and it is fitting that the Session of the church should put on record such notice of some of his characteristics as might not come to the light through any other channel.

Dr. Brookes highly esteemed his official family, and loved to have them gather around him in the privacy of the session room and freely discuss the questions that arose, and in all the years of his pastorate, extending over thirty, there was at no time such serious difference between him and them as to make it impossible for them to work together. Although, in accordance with his vigorous constitution, his mental vision was clear and positive and his convictions strong and deep, he could and did, not infrequently, subordinate his own opinion to theirs, believing them to be taught of the Spirit of God and given to him for advisers and not for ciphers. Was he independent? They were likewise; but hence arose no division, no hindrance to the common weal of the beloved church. They walked shoulder to shoulder down the ripening years till the very hour of his translation.

One notable characteristic of Dr. Brookes was *his intense love of souls*. He was ever planning and acting for the proclamation of the gospel to the neglected. He was ready to lend his voice and labors to any legitimate effort to bring people under the gospel message or carry it to them, and he followed his preaching by private and personal counsels that he might "by all means save some." He was instrumental in establishing a number of missions in this city, one particularly at the corner of Broadway and Biddle Street, from which his church received about one hundred

and fifty members, the fruit of his faithful teaching in and out of the pulpit. Later on, he lent his efficient aid to the planting of the flourishing mission entitled the "Compton Hill Chapel," now numbering more than one hundred and fifty communicants, and a power for good in the railroad district in the heart of the city. Many a weary tramp he took to reach this shelter for souls, that he might preach the Word or administer the sacraments and see the precious plant of God growing sensibly before his eyes. But, one or two such missions did not satisfy his craving for souls. He said that he would like to have twenty preaching places within reach and he would engage to keep them all going and serve his own church also. Less than six months before his departure, though laboring under fatal disease, he visited a northern city at the invitation of one of its pastors, and preached day after day for a week that he might still bring forth fruit and lend himself to his favorite work.

Connected naturally with this passion for saving souls was his *tender reception* of such as appeared before the Session for examination with a view to a public confession. Usually, he had seen them in private and gained their confidence, as he sounded the depths of their spiritual knowledge and the sincerity of their reliance for salvation on a gracious Saviour. But, even if he had not, his manner was so winning, his questions so helpful, his advice so enlightening, that none would fail to give evidence to the session of a clear and intelligent comprehension of the subject, if, indeed, they were truly regenerated. The session were often surprised at the remarkable testimony given by mere children, elicited by his master mind in his manner of laying before them the fundamental truths of Scripture.

The last feature which space allows us to mention was his desire that there should be a *continuous revival in the church*. It was to his intense satisfaction that he could say that in all the years of his pastorate there had never been a communion without some additions, few or many, to the church. But, he earnestly desired to see the work of the Lord, that is, the salvation of souls, prospering with great

power and without cessation. He deprecated the view that the Lord would not visit his people and refresh his Vineyard in summer as well as in winter, that the Lord regarded times and seasons as men do. He was of the opinion that whenever the tithes were brought into the Lord's house the outpouring would surely follow. His regard for the Word of God was so unreserved that he received it in its literalness, and believed that if the terms of a promise were complied with the stated result would inevitably come to pass, and this more especially in respect to the work of the ministry.

He magnified his calling, he gloried in its unlimited opportunities for saving the lost, and in its immediate cooperation with the Lord in extending the triumphs of the Cross. While his eye was fixed unswervingly on the radiant glory of the Lord's coming, his heart was as intently earnest in labor for the multiplication of converts and the swelling of the retinue of the Lord of Lords and King of Kings which He should bring with Him.

To the session he was a noble leader, in the session he was a faithful and loving brother, to copy his spirit-taught zeal is our worthy ambition, and to cherish the memory of his self-sacrificing work and his ever ready sympathy shall be a life lasting pleasure.

Lovingly contributed by

THE SESSION OF WASHINGTON & COMPTON AVE.

CHURCH.

Per S. W. BARBER, Clerk.

St. Louis, Oct. 30, 1897.

DR. BROOKES IN THE SICK-ROOM.

One of the most precious of the Master's gifts is sympathy,—the power to enter into the joys and sorrows of others.

"A heart at leisure from itself to soothe and sympathize."

Ready to rejoice with those that rejoice, and to weep with those that weep.

A double portion of this lovely spirit was given to our late beloved pastor. Perhaps no where was his beautiful tenderheartedness more perfectly shown than in the sick-room.

His great warm heart went out in overflowing sympathy for the suffering ones. His very presence seemed to soothe the tortured nerves and bring calmness and rest. How often it came to pass as he read to the sufferer from the Word he so loved the glorious promises, or told in his own wonderfully clear way the story of Calvary, the unrest, the shadows, the darkness would pass away; and pain be almost forgotten in the joy and gladness of the heart-rest and the light.

How welcome he was in the homes that death had made desolate! The heart torn with grief never shrank from his gentle touch. When words seemed almost meaningless and the suffering heart cried out in its agony, "Miserable comforters are ye all," he came. He made the sorrow his own, and his loving sympathy, his words of cheer and help will never be forgotten while life lasts.

The record of these numberless loving ministries can never be written except in the hearts of those they have blest; but what a story will be told in the glorious hereafter! There in the presence of our Lord forever and ever we will render joyful thanksgiving to our Father for the gift of such a pastor as Dr. Brookes was.

"ONE OF HIS PEOPLE."

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

It was my privilege to be his companion on his last journey to Niagara and the return to his retreat in our western Carolina mountains, where he was spending a part of the summer. Those who knew Dr. Brookes personally can understand how many happy memories cluster around that

four days of travel. We had "Niagara" all to ourselves in the sleeper to and from that Conference.

The "little flock" is bereft of a leader whose boldness in defense of "the faith" won for him the criticism of that alarmingly increasing element in the professing church which insists upon speaking only "smooth words," lest the enemies of Christ and of His truth, in the pulpit and out of it, be "offended."

Though "absent from the body" his written testimony will continue to bear fruit to the glory of His name "till He come."

ROBT. U. GARRETT.

Asheville, N. C.

When the word was brought to me that I should see no more with mortal eyes the face of my beloved friend and teacher, James H. Brookes, I felt that he might well have passed to the presence of his Lord with Paul's great triumph song upon his lips: "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith." There was in him the heart of David's mighty men. Like Eleazer, "his hand clave unto the sword." The Word of God was ever the end of controversy with him, and also the sword which he valiantly wielded.

Our brother will be remembered as a brave defender of the faith once for all delivered to the saints, but some of us know how tender and how helpful was the great heart now stilled in death. My own personal obligations to him are beyond words. He sought me in the first days of my Christian life, and was my first and best teacher in the oracles of God.

C. I. SCOFIELD.

The Parsonage, E. Northfield, Mass.

In the death of James H. Brookes we lose the bravest and ablest defender of the faith in this generation, with weapons drawn from the arsenal of the word itself, against

the treasonable assaults of this present and last prophetic apostasy.

He was also a powerful preacher and masterly teacher, combining strength and tenderness, power and pathos.

We who knew him personally lose a kind, affectionate and true friend.

We speak of him, not for vain eulogy, for he would say, "Cease from man," but would fain prolong his faithful testimony from the tomb.

E. P. MARVIN.

Lockport, N. Y.

I knew him from the time I was a student in college, a quarter of a century ago, and long before he knew me. He was no man's enemy, but the unrelenting enemy of error; and he had the courage of his convictions. He used plain and unmistakable words. It was his firm conviction that no softer ones were adequate. His knowledge of the contents of the Bible was marvelous. To him the book was God's word and final.

Many believe just as he did, but few have the daring which he displayed to declare their views. He stood like an Old Testament prophet, witnessing for God and His Word, fearing none, high or low. He looked upon himself as a lonely man, but few had such ardent friends, and even those against whose errors his thunderbolts were shot could not help but admire his courage.

J. M. STIFLER.

Chester, Pa.

A COLORED WOMAN'S TESTIMONY.

Jenny, a colored sister and member of his church, says of Dr. Brookes:

"He put no difference between poor and rich. My brother-in-law, named Jackson, was sick and going to die, and me and my sister was dreadful anxious because he would not talk to us about his soul. He just wouldn't say

anything, and we couldn't tell whether he was believin' in Jesus or not; and so, says I, I'll go and see Dr. Brookes and ask him to come and talk to Jack and pray for him?

"Well, I went to his house and he came out to the door just as friendly as if I was one of his rich members, as he always was, and, says he, 'What can I do for you, Jenny?' Then I told him all about it, and he said he would see him.

He had a funeral to attend and then he had to see a dying lady, and he had a man inside the house at that time on business, and had a meeting in the south part of the city; 'but,' says he, 'I'll get there if its twelve o'clock to-night.' So I gave him directions how to get in to Jack's house, which was in an inside yard with an alley leadin' in from the street. So, sure enough, along late in the evening they heard him come gropin' in and knockin' at the door and sayin', 'It's me, Mr. Brookes!' They let him in and he sat right down by the bed and got out his little testament and read a number of places; then he took Jack's hand and talked to him, oh! so sweet, about Jesus and heaven and the way to be saved, and Jack took it all in and the Lord helped him to believe. Then the doctor knelt down and prayed for him and pled with the Lord to open his eyes to see Jesus as his Saviour, and when he got up and asked him whether he believed, he said, 'Yes, I do; glory be to God,' and he kept on that way and died rejoicin'.

"I tell you, he loved colored people and wanted them saved just the same as whites." * * *

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

From all sections of this land, and from abroad, there came letters to the family bearing words of sincere praise for the departed one, and of tender sympathy for the bereaved. The following are extracts:

"My heart goes out to you. * * * I was glad that I heard him pray once more on earth. (Dr. Brookes' prayer

at one of Mr. Moody's recent St. Louis meetings.) It did me good. Dear man, he is free from his sufferings now, and how he will enjoy heaven! What a grand time he will have in that world of Light and Joy. He may soon be back again with his Saviour. I do not think he would like to come back again in the flesh. So he has gained by what we call death. * * * "—D. L. Moody.

"Last evening I learned of the death of my dear friend, 'Captain Greatheart,' leader in Christ's battles, to whom I owe so much, for loyal, loving friendship for a quarter of a century, and for clear and faithful teaching, and for heroic defence of the truth. For me, and for hundreds beside me, 'a great man and a prince has fallen in Israel.' He was my ideal of a preacher of the word of God, and an inspirer of other men to quit themselves valiantly for Christ. There is no one to take his place; no one whose voice can reach so far; no one with arm so strong to wield the sword for the truth. I thank God that I ever knew him, and for all that I have received from God through him."—Major D. W. Whittle.

"He was more to me in the Master's work than any living man. His fidelity to God's Word was my first inspiration to its close study and verbal declaration, and above all others, he was my model as a faithful herald."—Rev. W. R. Dobyns.

"I know what he was in his own home, my dear cousin. He was always and everywhere your lover, tender and true in every fibre of his great loving heart. * * * It is easy and sweet to think of him in heaven. His citizenship has been there for many years, and he had learned the speech of that country."—Mary Virginia Terhune.

"He had, as few men have, fought the good fight, finished the course, kept the faith. And to his cleared vision, the hope of that appearing which he loved is brighter and more blessed than ever."—Rev. W. H. Marquess.

"There are few men I esteemed so highly and loved so much as Dr. Brookes. His devotion to truth, his frank and manly testimony in a time of wide-spread defection, made him a great power not only in the community in which he lived so long, and which he served so ably and faithfully, but in the whole world. * * *

"He is one of the few who, though dead, will continue to speak. How beautiful that he should slip away from us on Easter morning."—Rev. M. Rhodes.

EDITORIAL EXPRESSIONS.

"Dr. Brookes was eminently a man of 'the Book' and 'a minister of the Word.' He put himself in utter subjection to its authority. * * He seemed peculiarly to illustrate the mind of the apostles. As a pastor his one aim appeared to be the application of the Word for comfort, for instruction in righteousness, or for rebuke. In character he was warmhearted, sympathetic and tender. He was singularly ingenuous and transparent and always manly. He was ingenuous and transparent and always manly. * * *"—Dr. Meade C. Williams, in *Herald and Presbyter*.

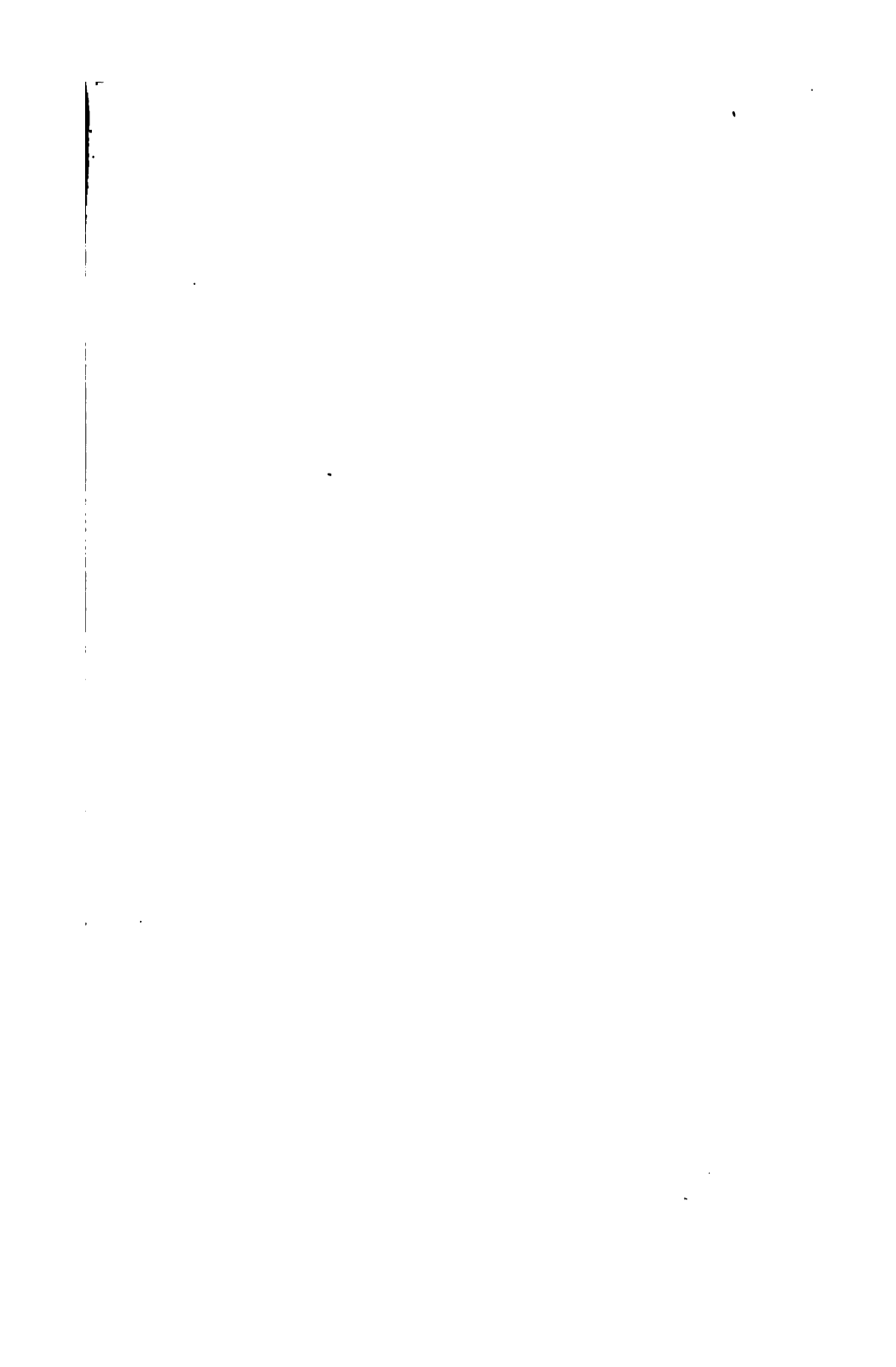
"Dr. Brookes was one of the ablest Bible preachers of his time, fully possessed of absolute faith in the Word, familiar with it as a book, and a profound student of its truth, and last, trained in its perfect use of the Saxon, it made him a dogmatic and powerful preacher of the type of the old prophets, whose spirit he had so fully imbibed that he was much like them."—Dr. W. C. Gray, in the *Interior*.

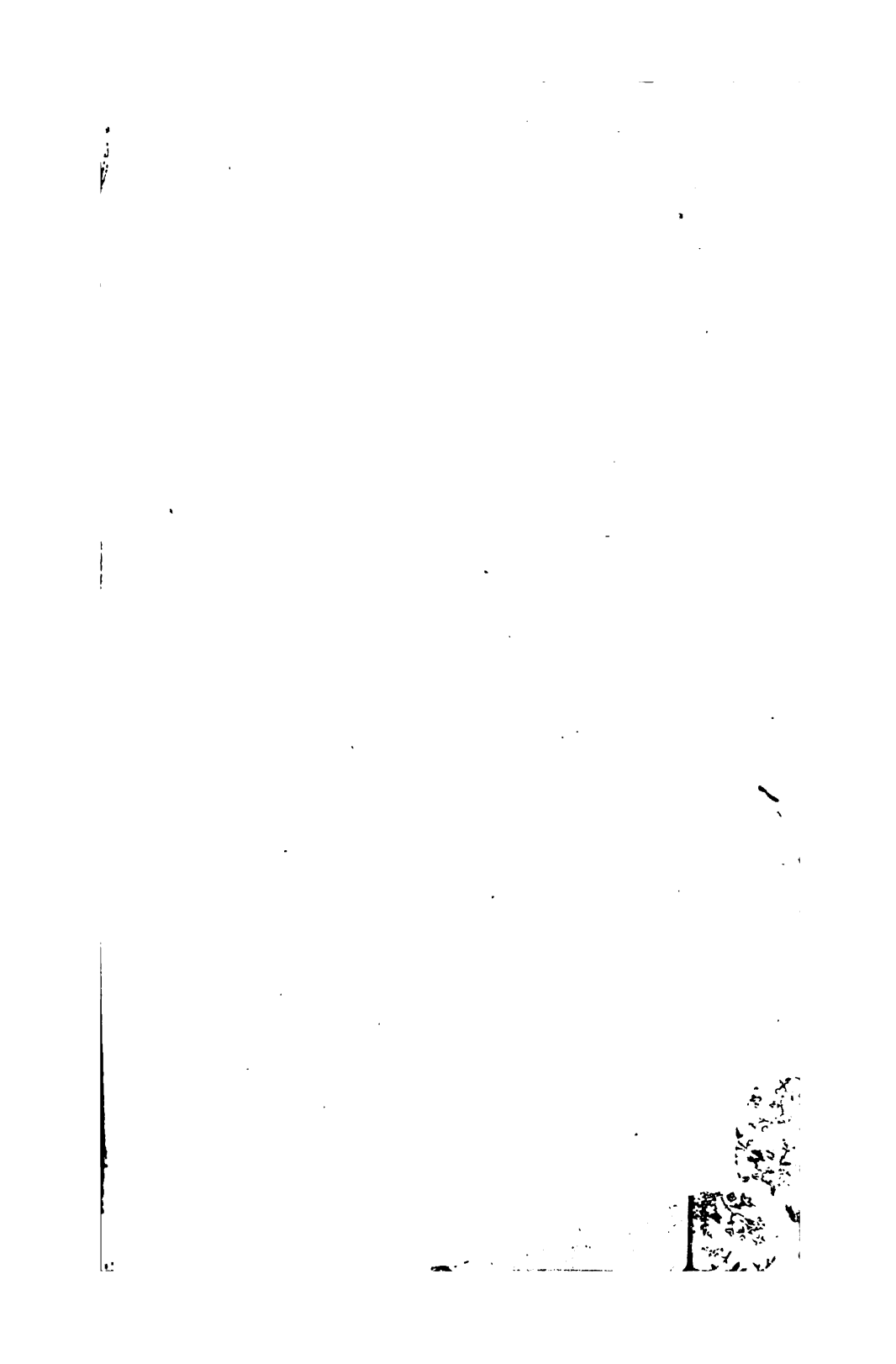
"Few have more endeared themselves to those who love the Word of God and the God of the Word than Dr. Brookes. His loyal defence of the truth in days when it is being attacked upon every quarter, made Dr. Brookes a marked man, and called for as warm and tender a love on the part of his friends as the reverse on the part of others."—*China's Millions*.

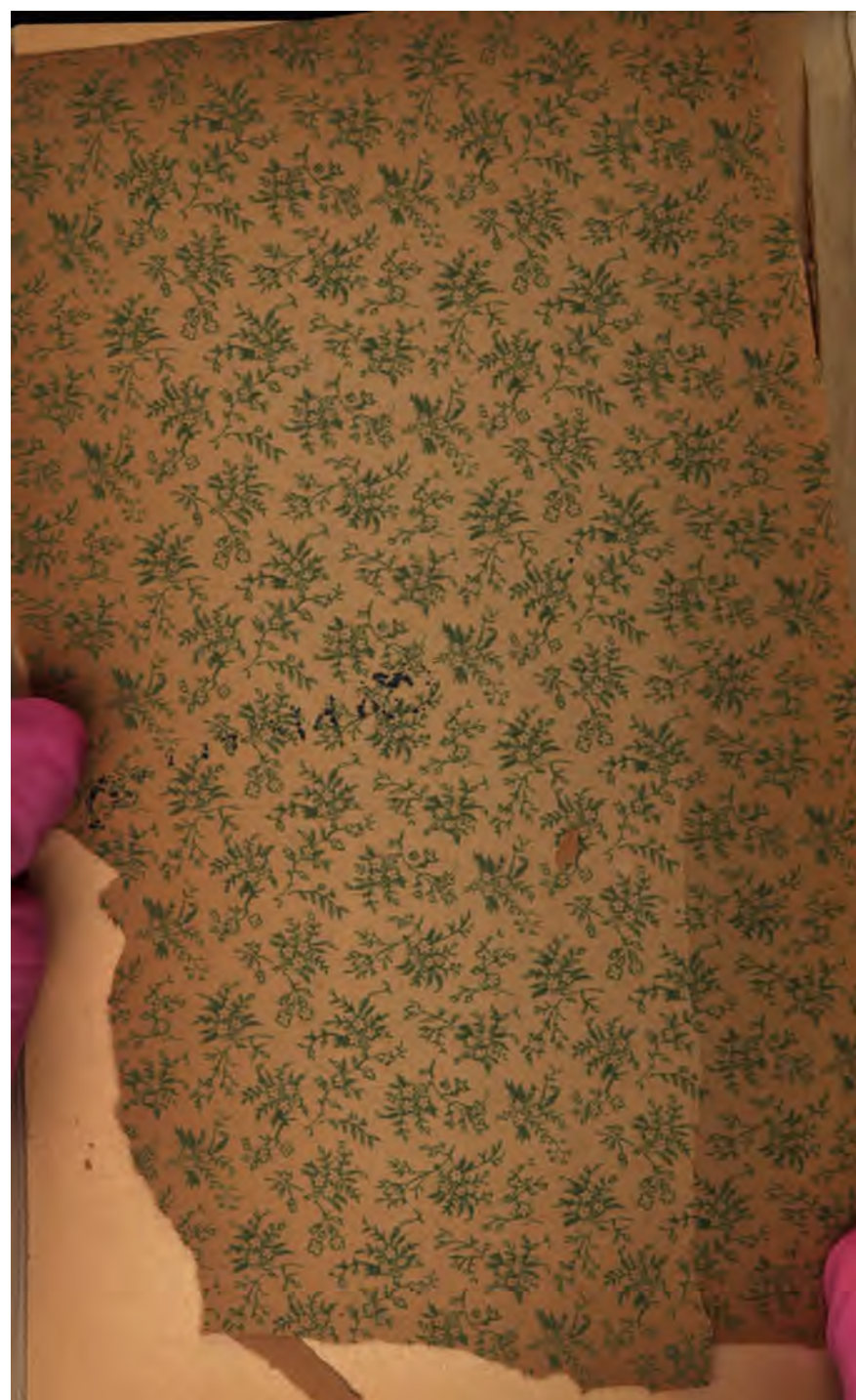
"He developed excellent power in the Lord's work from the first. * * He was one of the signers of the 'Declaration and Testimony,' the protest of Kentuckians and Missourians (put forth in 1865). * * As editor of *The Truth* * * he has exercised an influence far beyond his pastorate."—*Christian Observer*.

"As a valiant upholder of the old-fashioned gospel, Dr. Brookes had no superior in this country. For many years he was a most successful pastor, but it was by his many writings he was known to and loved by a very large circle of readers."—*Episcopal Recorder*.

"He had no difficulties in regard to accepting every jot and tittle of the Word. It was to him God's own truth, entirely unmixed with human error. There lay his strength. * * He was a power in the church."—*Michigan Presbyterian*.







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